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[THE POISONED TEA.]

THE GOLDEN HOPE.

By Mrs. H. Lewis.

CHAPTER XLVII.

Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Hamlet.

LUKE JENSON hurried away from Redwoode to a point at some distance in the road below, where he had left a fly in waiting. He entered the vehicle, and was driven rapidly back to Wharton, where he proceeded to hang about the station while awaiting the arrival of the train, by which he purposed returning home. He was sauntering up and down the platform, over which a few travellers were scattered, pausing now and then before some flaming advertisement, when he suddenly became aware that a keen and suspicious gaze was watching his face. Looking up in quick annoyance, he found himself face to face with Mr. Kenneth.

He instantly recognized him as the sharp old lawyer, whose questionings with regard to the capsize of the sloop, and whose prolonged stay in the neighbourhood of the accident, had rendered him uneasy and alarmed.

He endeavoured now to appear careless and unconcerned, but his perturbation did not escape notice.

As he flushed guiltily under the glances of Mr. Kenneth, and manifested a desire to escape from them, the lawyer's face assumed an expression of severity, and his voice was stern, as he said:

"You are Jenson, the boatman, who lives at Sorel Place. You see I remember you, my man. Why are you so afraid of me?"

Jenson stammered that the gentleman was mistaken; that he was simply surprised, not afraid, and that he was greatly delighted at the rencontre.

"What are you doing here?" questioned Mr. Kenneth, abruptly. "What errand has taken you over to Redwoode?"

"Nothing, sir, only to tell Mr. Forsythe that nothing has been found of her ladyship's body," was

the response, as Jenson moved his weight from one leg to the other, and endeavoured vainly to appear at his ease.

"Humph! All this journey for what a telegram or a letter would have better accomplished! I hope you don't expect me to credit that, my fine fellow. You had a motive—and what that motive is, I shall set myself to discover!"

These words added infinitely to Jenson's disquietude. He looked around furtively, to assure himself that they had not been overheard, and then, as if fearing that the lawyer would drag his secret from him in spite of himself, he moved away to the farther end of the platform.

Mr. Kenneth looked after him with a singular smile.

"A bad fellow, that!" he thought to himself. "He'll require watching. He acts like one with a heavy crime on his soul. Good heavens! Can it be! Have I stumbled upon the solution of the whole mystery? The conduct of Andrew Forsythe and Cecile since the death—her ladyship's previous uncertainty with regard to the identity of the two girls—it is incredible—impossible! And yet—"

A suspicion of the truth respecting the boat-accident flashed upon his soul. His face grew paler, his breath came quicker, and he walked up and down the platform like a tiger in his cage. Gradually, he became calmer, but his calmness had in it something so terrible that Luke Jenson, stealing a glance at him, was frightened by it, realizing that his wickedness was suspected, and that an enemy, more unerring and more relentless than a bloodhound, was upon his track.

A cold sweat sprang to his forehead and his knees trembled under him. He clutched, with one nervous hand, the phial Renee had given him, and which was hidden in a breast-pocket, as if through its means and its application to Lady Redwoode, he beheld alone a way of escape from threatening dangers.

And while he thus trembled and planned, the old lawyer, with no doubt of Lady Redwoode's untimely death, reviewed in his mind the whole, and story, carefully weighing facts, recalling words and looks,

and weaving together a chain of circumstances that went far to confirm his suddenly-conceived suspicions. Then, he solemnly vowed himself to the task of avenging that cruel death, of bringing its projectors to deserved punishment, and of searching without rest for the wronged and exiled Hellice.

"The first thing to be done is to give her ladyship's honoured ashes burial," he thought. "And then to work!"

The up-train at length arrived. Mr. Kenneth saw Jenson enter a third-class carriage, and then permitted a guard to bestow him, with his valise, into a first-class one, satisfied that the boatman was not intending to flee his home or evade observation.

The journey to the station nearest Sorel Place was accomplished in the usual number of hours. The lawyer alighted, witnessed the descent of Jenson, and then took his way to the inn, where Lady Redwoode had stopped with her companions, before proceeding to Sorel Place.

The night had long since come on. The lamps were lighted in the shops and dwellings, and of course no step could be taken in searching the Pool or its adjacent waters till morning. Mr. Kenneth decided, therefore, to remain quietly at the inn that night, and to commence his investigations at day-break.

If he had only known that the baroness still lived, and that his very natural decision involved her fate!

Luke Jenson followed the lawyer to the inn, and hung about, in the shadow of the inn-yard, until fully convinced that no demonstration against him was to be entered upon that night, and then, much more at ease, he set out at a swift pace for home.

The night had deepened into the small hours of morning when he came around to the rear entrance of Sorel Place, and opened the kitchen-door. A fire burned low on the hearth, and a black earthen teapot was steaming on the hob. A tallow candle gave a dim light to the dreary old room, revealing on the table a tray, on which reposed a few articles of food. Old Mrs. Jenson was crouching beneath the hearth,

her face buried in her hands, but she sprang up quickly at the entrance of her son.

"Well?" she exclaimed, started at his haggard and excited aspect.

"Well!" responded Jenson, closing and bolting the door behind him. "How's her ladyship?"

"As clear-headed as ever! She's the same as when she first came here, only rather weak yet. I've taken good care of her to day, Luke, and she has gained considerable strength. I gave her some of that French wine that missus used to like so well, but Lady Redwoode was so suspicious she wouldn't touch the wine unless she opened it herself. As to tea, she hasn't touched it. She's lived on boiled eggs and other things that couldn't be drugged. I s'pose she thinks I want to poison her."

"How unfortunate!" ejaculated Luke, impatiently. "Has she made any attempt to escape?"

"Yes, she tried to get out of her window, so I nailed some wooden bars across it. She isn't so weak as you'd think, though to be sure she wasn't ill very long."

Luke flung himself into a chair, while his mother, still talking, busied herself with brewing a hot drink for him, bringing in requisition whiskey and hot water, the former in liberal quantity. Luke drained the bowl, when presented to him, and relaxed from his moodiness into a state of confidence.

"There's something Mr. Forsythe gave me," he said exhibiting a full purse, and then restoring it to his pocket. "We'll divide the money as soon as we get our business disposed of. It's a desperate pity, mother, that Lady Redwoode did not drown in the Pool."

"No such thing, Luke," replied the old woman, briskly. "She'll be a fortune to us. We can keep her shut up here easy enough, and so long as she lives you'll have a hold on Mr. Forsythe. Don't you see?"

"Listen, mother," said Luke, in a hoarse whisper, leaning towards her, while the light fell full on his red and haggard face. "That lawyer, Kenneth, has got track of the business. He's in the village now. In the morning he'll come here. He'll see Rills or Rilla's wife and ask the truth out of 'em. Or else he'll search the whole place. Anyhow, he'll find Lady Redwoode, if she be alive!"

The old woman mechanically repeated the last words, too thoroughly frightened, however, to comprehend their meaning.

"There's only one thing to be done," said Luke, huskily. "Lady Redwoode must die to-night. Then I'll go to Rills, and tell him she died in a relapse of fever. I'll make him help me carry the body out to sea. He'll be bound to silence then, by something better than oaths, you understand?"

"Yes, yes. But how to kill her?" whispered the old woman, with burning eyes, while her form shivered as if with cold.

Luke silently displayed his little Indian phial.

"I'll doctor her tea," he said, grimly. "Is this pot on the hob for her?"

"It was, but she wouldn't drink it—"

Luke compressed his lips, and looked at his brawny arms, muttering:

"I believe a desperate man like me'll prove stronger than a weak, sick woman. She'll take the tea, mother!"

He drew the teapot nearer to him, and deliberately emptied the contents of the phial into the steaming beverage, and then deposited the pot on the tray, saying:

"Now, mother, we'll take up her ladyship's tea. You go ahead to open the doors and carry the light while I follow with the tray. A few moments of boldness and courage and all our danger will be past, and you and I sure of a comfortable fortune for the remainder of our days. Lead on!"

"But the hour's so late!" objected the woman. "It's two o'clock now, Luke. It took you so long to walk from the village, you know. It's too late to do anything to-night. You haven't time to go for Rills, and then come back for the—the body. It gets light so early now—"

"I have considered all that."

"Besides," said Mrs. Jenson, "her ladyship is sound asleep. If we wake her up at this time of night to drink a cup of tea, she'll know what is meant, and scream and call for help. If we could only wait till to-morrow, and then put the stuff into her wine!"

"You forget that it's all in the tea!" cried Luke, angrily. "How strangely you act, mother. I tell you, it's her life or ours. She's supposed to be dead. Her folks want her to be dead, and dead she shall be before I sleep! As to her screaming, let her scream. Who'll hear her? No one lives near us, and the trees behind the house are the best kind of curtains. Go on!"

Mrs. Jenson made no farther objections. If any gleam of womanly pity for the helpless victim up-

stairs crossed her mind, she stifled it with the reflection that she had gone too far to recede, and that her safety and that of her son required the death of the baroness.

Taking up the candle, she tremblingly led the way up-stairs.

Luke, grim and determined, arranged the tray to better advantage, and followed in his mother's steps.

They passed silently and grimly through the bare and desolate halls, up the hollow, echoing staircase, through the upper corridor, looking in the gloom like spirits of evil. The shadows lay all around them thickly, beyond the circle illuminated by the candle, and the old woman started as if ghosts lurked in those shadows, and shrank within herself, half-dreading the touch of a ghostly hand upon her shoulder.

They reached the prisoner's door. Mrs. Jenson unlocked it, and the two entered Lady Redwoode's room, setting down their burdens upon a table near the entrance.

The baroness was sleeping. She had not disrobed herself the previous night, but had lain down fully dressed. Her hair had loosened itself during her uneasy slumbers, and fell over her dark dress, completely veiling her shoulders to a mist of pale gold. Her golden lashes lay heavily against her pale cheeks, and her mouth wore an intensely mournful expression.

She was beautiful enough in her sad, grief-haunted slumbers to move the heart of her worst enemy. Looking at her, Mrs. Jenson felt a throb of pity for her approaching fate. Luke thought only of his safety, and the gold he should gain by her death. He touched her ladyship's shoulder, and said, sternly:

"Come, wake up—"

The baroness started, opened her eyes, and then sprang to her feet, with an air of indignation and command.

"What means this intrusion in my room at this hour?" she demanded, haughtily, looking from one to the other of the couple.

"It means, my lady," answered Luke, "that we have brought your tea."

"My tea! At nearly three in the morning!" said Lady Redwoode. "This is incredible—"

She paused, her face paling, comprehending from the manner of the intruders that their errand had a deadly, hidden meaning. She endeavoured to conceal her alarm, but it spoke in her quivering lips and dilating eyes.

"The hour isn't quite the fashionable one, my lady, I am aware," said Luke, with assumed politeness. "Your ladyship can't expect rough, simple folks like mother and me to understand how great folks live. Mother says that you have refused tea all day, and you ought to drink it now. Better late than never as the saying is. Push the little table this way, mother."

Mrs. Jenson wheeled the small table, which upheld the tea-tray and the candle, nearly into the centre of the room. She then stood quietly near the door, not daring to meet Lady Redwoode's gaze, and heartily wishing the scene ended fatally to the helpless prisoner.

"Your ladyship can wipe out your cup, so as to make sure it ain't poisoned," said Luke, with an attempt at facetiousness. "You will excuse the lateness of the hour, but mother couldn't compel you to take it, and I have just got home—"

"You have been away, then, to-day?" interrupted Lady Redwoode. "I thought so. You have been to Redwoode?"

Luke was tempted to deny the assertion, but he reflected that it was not necessary to speak falsely to his prisoner now, as she was to die so soon. So he responded carelessly in the affirmative.

"You saw Mr. and Mrs. Forsythe?"

"I did, and the Indian woman besides."

"And Mr. Kenneth?" asked her ladyship, eagerly, a wild hope crossing her mind that the old lawyer might have seen Jenson, and suspected something of the truth.

"He wasn't at Redwoode," replied Luke, evasively. "He's been sent away. Mr. Forsythe's his own lawyer or manager, or whatever they call it, now. Mrs. Forsythe was wearing the deepest mourning, and her handkerchief looked as if it had been dipped in ink. Poor creature! She was a taking en—"

"And you told her I still lived?" cried the baroness. "What did she say?"

Luke replied by a significant smile, and the words: "I don't know as it'll do any harm to tell your ladyship the truth. Your daughter concluded it would be a pity to waste all her mourning, to say nothing of her tears, and so—well, you are not wanted back at Redwoode. You are to stay here for the term of your natural life. Now drink a cup of tea immediately!"

A spasm of pain convulsed the features of the baroness. Mrs. Jenson was appalled by it. She

crept nearer to her son, and twitched his garments, intending to plead for her ladyship's life. Her movement disengaged Luke's newly acquired purse from his pocket and it fell to the floor. He hastened to pick it up and restore it to its hiding-place, but not before Lady Redwoode's eyes had caught sight of it.

"I made that purse for Andrew Forsythe," she said, with the paleness of utter despair. "He has given it to you to-day with the price of my life within it. How I have been deceived—"

She hesitated, and her despair gave way to a sudden glow and transport of joy. She forgot her impending fate, her threatening enemies, everything but a sudden blissful assurance that swept over her soul in one great tidal wave.

"The question is settled at last!" she murmured, in a tone inaudible to the two listeners, as if she were speaking to her own soul. "My instinct was at fault. Circumstances have declared the blessed truth. Cecile is not my child. Hellice, the wronged, innocent Hellice—I know she is wronged and innocent—is the child of my bosom, the child of my hopes and prayers. Imbecile that I was not to see in Hellice the image of my young husband. Her eyes are like Rollo Avon's—her voice is his. By heavens! why have I been blinded to the truth till now?"

She felt strangely faint and giddy with her grand discovery. The truth—for such she felt it to be—almost overcame her. Her maternal instincts—so long dormant or stifled—aroused themselves, and verified the declarations of her reason.

Hellice was her own and only child. In that hour she knew it!

Like a chilling blast upon all her ardour and warmth of feeling, came the words of Luke Jensen:

"If your ladyship has rejoined enough over the news I have brought, perhaps you'll take the tea before it gets cold!"

Lady Redwoode was immediately recalled to the scene around her.

"I want no tea!" she said, endeavouring to speak calmly, although joyful and exultant thrills pulsed through her veins, and refused to be immediately subdued. "Leave me to myself—"

"You ask impossibilities," replied Luke, grimly. "If you refuse to drink the tea peaceably, I shall pour it down your throat—there!"

"It is poisoned, then?" said the baroness, sternly. "I thought so. Cecile has sent me a last gift in the shape of an Indian drug. You have put it in the teapot?"

Mrs. Jenson's countenance was sufficient reply.

The baroness was thoughtful for a moment. She was much stronger than her enemies suspected, and she was resolved to sell her life dearly. She would never drink the poisoned beverage of her own will. But how could she protect herself, how outwit her enemies?

Mrs. Jenson pulled at her son's sleeve.

"It is three o'clock," she whispered. "I heard the hall-clock just strike. Let it go till to-morrow, Luke—"

While Luke's attention was thus momentarily diverted, Lady Redwoode had formed her plan. With a quick spring she gained the little table, caught up the earthen teapot, and dashed it into the open grate, where it fell into fragments, the poisoned beverage trickling in streams over the hearth.

Jenson turned from his mother, uttering a volley of curses. His brute nature was appeased at that moment.

"You have refused a peaceable death!" he cried, nearly beside himself with rage. "You must die now, and in a way not quite so agreeable. Mother, lock the door and stand against it. Now we'll settle this business."

He drew from beneath his waistcoat a poniard, which he was wont to carry about his person; and with which he had oftentimes protected himself in fights with fishermen along the coast. With this formidable weapon he advanced upon his victim, clashing her arm. She broke from him, caught up a knife from the table to protect herself, rushed to the window, broke a pane of glass, and through the aperture shrieked long and wildly for help.

Her cry was so unexpected and so unearthly, that Jenson involuntarily staggered back.

Lady Redwoode prolonged and repeated her startling cry.

Hark! Was that an answer that came up from below?

CHAPTER XLVIII.

I cannot speak, tears so obstruct my words.
And choke me with unutterable joy. *Shakespeare.*

HELICE, by reason of her long voyage from India, was an excellent sailor, so she decided to remain upon deck throughout her night-sail on the "Auld Ailsie." The early evening was very pleasant. The night had come on early, and the soft gloom of a prolonged twilight mantled the shores.

and waters. The dash of the waves, the scattering of the salt spray, had in them something inspiring. The wind was stern, strong, fierce, and sweeping, promising a speedy and successful termination to the journey.

Hellice took possession of the seat prepared for her by her attentive lover, and nestled in her Indian shawl, peaceful and content, but for the great shadow that had fallen upon her heart, with the tidings of Lady Redwood's death. She inflicted no moans nor sighs of pain upon Sir Richard. She smiled up at him brightly, and manifested a spirit of cheerfulness, yet he knew how sore her heart was within her bosom, and how heavily and terribly she had been stricken.

"We shall have a splendid night, Hellice," said the young baronet, hovering about her with delicate and unobtrusive attentions. "See, my uncle is learning navigation," and he smiled. "We may look out for a new machine by which to move through the water."

He paused, Mr. Haughton's voice, eager and excited, breaking in upon his words. The poor gentleman was declaring that he should invent a fish-shaped boat, to be propelled under the water, coming up occasionally as whales do for air, and that this invention would revolutionize the world.

Even Hellice was obliged to smile at his extravagance, and she expressed a hope that the invention would not be brought into general use in her day.

At this juncture, the captain of the "Ailsie" approached the young couple, doffing his cap respectfully.

"At this rate, sir," he said, "we shall be at the Round Bay by midnight. It's only a matter of fifty miles. I've been that way often by way of a cruise."

"I thought the distance was greater," said Sir Richard. "We are fortunate in having so brief a journey, so swift a sloop, and such able seamen."

The captain was pleased with the compliment, but answered, with affected indifference:

"The seamen's so so, sir, but the 'Auld Ailsie' is a beauty, and no mistake. There ain't no craft on the coast of her size that can distance her, and I'm glad of that, for we're likely to want her to show her legs. You see, sir, I've been hearin' tell how the young lady here has been pursued by 't' Rookery chaps, and I've an idea that they've fitted out a sloop here, and are coming out to attack us as we approach."

"They would hardly dare to do that, I think," said Sir Richard, thoughtfully, disturbed, in spite of himself.

"Dare!" said the skipper. "According to what I hear, there ain't nothin' but what that Indian chap would dare! He's played robber, they say, and a man that'll play robber will play pirate, if he can get the chance. There's no vessels cruizin' this way, and there don't happen to be any fishing craft in the vicinity."

"Let us go back, Richard," pleaded Hellice. "You and Mr. Haughton and these sailors must not be endangered on my account."

"But, Hellice, you are not safe at the manse. It will not be safe for us to proceed to a railway station unguarded. I know of no mode of travel so easy for us as this. We will keep on—unless the captain here wishes to turn back."

"Then we'll keep on!" declared the owner of the sloop. "There's nothin' I like better than a scrimmage now and then. I feel just in the humour for one to-night. I may be mistaken after all, but if that Indian fellow is bent on having the girl, nothing's easier for him than to buy a sloop, hire a fisherman or two to manage it, and then put his men aboard and chase us. I wish he may try it."

"Mr. Anchester would hardly dare be so lawless," said Sir Richard, musingly. "He has men, instead of a weak girl, to deal with now. Yet—how are we off for arms, captain?"

"I've got the two natures gave me, sir, and they're in prime order," replied the skipper, flourishing his brawny, stalwart members.

"I did not mean to be understood so literally," replied the baronet, smiling. "I have a couple of revolvers, and any uncle is similarly provided for. You can take one, if necessary, and—"

"I can take another!" said Hellice, determinedly. "Do not object, Richard. One of the men must mind the tiller. The fourth weapon would be unused but for me. I shot a tiger once in India—I did, indeed—and you need not fear that I would shrink from shooting a creature more bloodthirsty than a tiger, when my life depended upon my freedom!"

"Poor little valiant!" said the baronet, in a caressing under-tone. "You would protect your life and honour, but I shall be able to do it for you. That little hand shall never be raised in self-defence, while I have a spark of life remaining. Trust so me, my darling. It will serve my aim to know that you are leaning upon it!"

Hellice answered by a look of perfect love and trust. She made no farther allusions to her power of self-defence, feeling a serene confidence in the strength and ability of her lover to defend her.

Sir Richard deemed it prudent to make all preparations for defence. He examined his pistols and distributed them to the best advantage. He gave his uncle instructions, which Mr. Haughton received with martial ardour, promising to distinguish himself with coolness and bravery, in the event of an engagement. The man at the tiller received his orders, and the promise of a handsome reward for his services, provided he should keep at his post. The baronet also engaged himself to double the skipper's liberal pay in case of an attack from Mr. Anchester, and to make good any damage that might occur to the "Auld Ailsie."

Matters being thus arranged, nothing remained but to await the issue.

The sloop flew on before the wind, which, had it not been fair, must have been termed a gale. The white-capped waves flew past as if they had been live creatures in deadly fear. The soft night-gloom deepened. A few stars appeared in the laden sky. The coast, so rugged, so full of heavy rocks and boulders, looked grim, strange and spectral. The fishermen's cottages, nestled here and there on the sands, looked like dark mounds, fit only for the habitation of strange and unreal beings.

On flew the sloop like a live thing. The hamlet, the manse, the parish church, were all left behind. Coves, bays and indentations all disappeared behind them. The cove which Hellice had once visited with Sandy, the spot where Mr. Anchester had asked her to become his wife, was approached. This cove was protected by two long arms reaching out into the sea, two arms piled high with rocks that completely concealed whatever might be within.

Perhaps Mr. Anchester lay at the entrance like a spider watching for its prey! Perhaps at the moment they came abreast of him, he would rush out and drag them to his den, as the cove might be called. For Sir Richard and his men, there was no danger save in open encounter. For Hellice—

"He is there! He is there! I feel it!" whispered the maiden, in sudden agitation. "Oh, for a friendly cloud to hide us from his view!"

By a single gesture, Sir Richard commanded his uncle and the men to be on their guard. The man at the tiller nodded significantly. Mr. Haughton and the skipper held their weapons ready for instant use.

"Go down into the cabin, my darling," whispered the baronet to his betrothed. "Should there be an attack, you are in danger here."

Hellice hesitated a moment. She was inclined to share her lover's dangers to the utmost, but a reflection that her presence might unnervise him, decided her to obedience. She arose quietly, and allowed him to escort her to the close little cabin, from which he promised to release her at the earliest possible moment.

In the little doorway he paused to gather her in his arms and bid her trust in him, then he went back to his duties, leaving her to solitude and prayer.

"The young lady's wish has come true," was the whispered salutation of the skipper, as he emerged on the deck. "It's darker than it was, and we're at some distance from the shore. We may get past after all without trouble."

It was true that the sky had clouded over, but the shadows would soon be past, and the brightness greater than before by contrast. To take advantage of the temporary gloom became at once the object of the voyagers.

The sloop was straining under every stitch of canvas. She was at a little distance from the projecting points of land. She had greatly the advantage of any hidden enemy, and her skipper was resolved to maintain it.

They approached the first point. They shot past it. They flew on through the gloom and the foaming waves.

"We are safe!" cried Mr. Haughton. "There's no sloop there!"

Even as he spoke, out sprang from the shadows a sloop, every sail set. She darted in swift pursuit. Her bows were nearly that of the "Auld Ailsie," and a half-score of men crowded her deck.

Conspicuous among those men was the giant form of Mr. Anchester.

"Heave to, there!" he shouted. "Hear ye, I say!"

"What for?" asked the "Auld Ailsie's" skipper, tantalizingly.

"I want my wife. She's on board your craft. Yield her up, or I'll sink you."

"His wife!" said Sir Richard, absolutely startled at Mr. Anchester's audacity. "The miserable villain! Make him no answer, captain. We've got

the start of him. Show him the heels of the 'Ailsie!'"

"Ay, ay, sir!" said the well-pleased skipper. "We've got the start of him, as you say. 'A stern chase is a long chase,' as the saying is. I know that boat he's got. It's a decentish one, sir, as boats go, but she can't hold a candle to the 'Ailsie!'"

The comparative merits of the two vessels was to be put to the test. Annoyed at the contemptuous silence with which his demand had been met, Mr. Anchester was put to the extremity of savage recklessness. He was determined that the prize he so longed for should not slip through his hands. He would risk everything to obtain Hellice again—for to lose her would be to him absolute ruin!

He gave his orders fiercely, and his men—seagut and Rookery labourers—were eager to do his bidding, he having not only assured them that he sharply sought to obtain possession of his lawfully-married wife, but promised them immunity from the laws, and a handsome sum of money, in case of Hellice's recovery.

On the one vessel was courageous resistance to wrong; on the other a complete and reckless desperation.

The pursuer held a course nearer to the land, where the wind was less sweeping, and the "Ailsie" then gained upon her. Mr. Anchester ordered the sloop to shoot out into the track of the chase, by which movement he lost time, and gave the "Ailsie" still farther the advantage.

Sir Richard and his companions marked this favouring circumstance with delight and satisfaction.

"We're leavin' her behind!" said the skipper. "Ah!"

This exclamation was caused by a shot that came whizzing from the pursuing sloop, passing in close proximity to his ear.

"Will you heave to, there?" cried Mr. Anchester, in a wild and savage shout. "If you won't, take that!"

Another shot whizzed past the man at the tiller, causing him to assume an involuntary crouching posture.

"They're tryin' to pick Tom off," cried the skipper. "Keep your head down, Tom. It won't do to lose your life now that you've got a chance to make it comfortable."

Tom acknowledged the justice of this remark, by presenting as small a target to the enemy as was possible.

It seemed as though the captain of the "Ailsie" had overrated the speed of his vessel, for it soon became apparent that the pursuer was gaining on the chase. It bounded over the water like a bird with outstretched wings, and the "Ailsie" flew ahead with swift but floundering motion, as if to increase his fright.

"They are certainly gaining!" said the baronet, uneasily.

"Still a stern chase 's a long chase," replied the captain, an axiom which evidently afforded him considerable comfort. "I didn't think there were much life in that craft!"

On along the shadowy coast, through the night gloom, sped the two vessels. They passed fishing villages and hamlets, wrapped in darkness, without observing them. The wind increased, rendering their speed absolutely fearful; to any in less danger or less excitement than they, Mr. Anchester seemed mad with desperation, and Sir Richard stood up, calm and resolute, encouraging his men, and determined to resist his enemy to the death.

Again and again came the cry to heave to. Again and again came rifle-shots from the pursuing sloop. Still no injury had been done, and still the owners and seamen of the "Ailsie" were strong in their determination to stand by their passengers.

The strange chase was continued for hours, and the pursuer continued to gain on the pursued. A wild elation began to burn in Mr. Anchester's heart. He towered head and shoulders above his men, his face white with rage, his black locks blowing wildly in the wind, and his entire appearance more demonic than human.

"Give me my wife!" he shouted, at last, his voice sounding directly in the ears of the baronet, as if he had approached the "Ailsie." "If you longer refuse, I'll riddle your old sloop, and take the girl by force."

"Do it, if you can!" replied Sir Richard.

"The girl belongs to me, Sir Richard Haughton!" cried Mr. Anchester, hoarsely. "She was married to me in the Rookery chapel. She fled from me in the very altar—but she is my wife, and all the powers of earth cannot take her from me! Do not attempt to escape. I'm a desperate man!"

"A desperate animal, you'd better say!" said Mr. William Haughton, unable to keep silence longer. "You had better not tempt me too far, Mr. An-

chester. It seems that there are two of us that can handle weapons —"

Mr. Anghester cut the remark short by a pistol-shot.

The distance between the vessels had so diminished that words in an ordinary tone could be heard from one to the other. The two miserable rifles that Mr. Anchester had been able to pick up at the Rookery were of no farther use. There were plenty of pistols, however, on the pursuing craft, several of them having been obtained at the nearest town, after Mr. Anchester's adventure with Sir Richard. These weapons were now to be brought into requisition.

"You absolutely refuse to yield up the girl?" shouted Mr. Anchester.

Sir Richard replied only by a contemptuous silence.

"Then give it to 'em, my lads!" commanded the East Indian, hoarse with rage. "Fire all at once. Fire!"

"A hail-storm of bullets rattled around the baronet and his companions. The bullets embedded themselves in the bulwarks, skimmed over the deck, tore through the sails, and buried themselves in the waters.

Sir Richard and his assistants returned the compliment immediately.

"No one hurt yet on this side, Mr. Anchester!" cried Mr. Houghton, full of excitement, his eyes fairly blazing as he marked the wild disappointment of the East Indian. "Take that, with my compliments!"

He sent his last bullet towards the adventurer.

A howl of pain followed, announcing that it had fulfilled its mission.

Mr. Anchester's giant form was observed to topple and fall into the outstretched arms of his men. A cry of dismay arose from the pursuers.

Their leader had been wounded—dangerously wounded—as was evident at the first glance.

In a moment all was wild disorder on the little craft.

Mr. Anchester, the blood welling from his breast, whispered hoarsely his orders to renew the attack, but he was not obeyed. He lay on the deck pale and helpless. Their leader disabled, the men had neither heart nor object in continuing the assault. They clustered around him, stanching his wounds, and offering him liquor, but they were disheartened and dispirited.

That shot of Mr. Houghton's had ended the pursuit.

The "Ailsie," taking advantage of the enemy's confusion, sprang away with renewed courage. A few minutes put them beyond danger of being overtaken, but Sir Richard and his friends were none the less pleased to observe that Mr. Anchester's vessel had headed in-shore, and that farther efforts to overtake them had been abandoned.

"I put them out of their calculations," said Mr. Houghton, with much self-complacency. "Mr. Anchester had no idea that he was to encounter such a man as I am. The fact is quite evident!"

"Mr. Anchester being wounded, his men dare not pursue us farther," said Sir Richard. "Of course, they have no object in Miss Glintrick's capture. They simply wished to earn their promised reward, but, the reward being endangered by Mr. Anchester's illness, nothing remains for them but to go back."

"They won't try it with this wind," said the skipper. "They'll have to put into some bay till the wind changes. That's the very thing they are doing. There's no danger now, sir. The young lady can come up!"

The baronet hastened to the cabin. He found Hellice kneeling. When he gently lifted her to her feet, he saw that her face was very pale and anxious, and that her eyes were like wells of glowing fire.

"You are not hurt, Richard?" she asked, tremulously.

"Not hurt, my darling!" he answered, folding her to his broad breast, with yearning tenderness. "No one on board this vessel is hurt. We have been mercifully preserved throughout from all harm!"

"Thank heaven!" said Hellice, so fervently that her aspiration was a prayer.

"How could we be hurt when you were down here praying for us?" asked her lover, with tears springing to his eyes. "We are safe, my darling. Our last peril is past, and henceforth our lives are to be united in one glad, tranquil stream. The shadows are fled from us for ever. Let us welcome the glorious sunshine of love!"

"Forgive me, Richard," said the maiden; "but in the midst of my joy and happiness, one thing is lacking. I want Lady Redwoode. I miss her so!"

"Let us hope, if spirits can return to earth, that she is with us at this moment," said the baronet, reverently. "But, Hellice," he added, after a moment's silence, "you haven't asked me about our enemies yet. Mr. Anchester was wounded. How

severely I do not know, but badly enough to discourage his followers. You must come up and congratulate my uncle on his marksmanship. He is as vain as a peacock, and plumes himself on having saved us all. Come!"

He gently drew her to the deck.

Hellice complimented Mr. Houghton to his heart's content, praised the skipper and the faithful Tom, and then resumed her seat, wrapping herself in her shawl, and nestling her head upon her lover's faithful breast.

The remainder of the voyage was without incident. The wind kept up its strength and fury, yet, notwithstanding its power, and the predictions of the worthy skipper, it was past two o'clock when the sloop rounded into the cove nearest Sorel Place.

"I miscalculated the distance," observed the captain. "It'll be impossible for me to go back while this wind holds. Hadn't you better sleep aboard, miss?"

"I would rather go up to the village, thank you," returned Hellice, anxious to avoid a night in the unwholesome little cabin. "I shan't mind the walk!"

Sir Richard acquiesced in this decision. He paid the skipper and Tom double what he had promised them, and the grateful fishermen hastened to row their passengers ashore, and stood bowing after them long after the party had passed up the road.

"The road that passes Sorel Place, where Lady Redwoode passed her last night on earth, leads us to the village," said the baronet, drawing Hellice's arm within his own, and gently compelling her to lean heavily upon him. "It's several miles to the village, and it may be better for us to seek lodgings at a farm-house."

"Or at Sorel Place?" suggested Mr. Houghton, who was carrying Hellice's few effects on his arm. "If it were good enough for her, it's good enough for us!"

This suggestion met with favour from the lovers. Sorel Place would be near to the sea, and Hellice desired to visit the vicinity of the Pool in the morning. They decided, therefore, to make application for shelter at Sorel Place, and Hellice felt a mournful pleasure in the thought that the chamber last occupied by Lady Redwoode might be assigned to her.

They toiled up the gloomy road, and approached Sorel Place. Sir Richard turned into the little lane, now drearier and more desolate than ever in the lonely night-time, and Hellice clung more closely to him, and even Mr. Houghton walked nearer to his side, as if feeling a desire for close companionship.

"What a dreary old place," said Hellice. "How dark the house is! There is no light!"

"Because it is nearly three o'clock in the morning!" replied the baronet. "It was past two when we entered the bay, and it took some time to land, to pay off the men, and to walk up here. It must be quite three! The people in the house live at the back. We must go round there, if we wish to make our presence known!"

He led the way round to the rear of the old mansion.

The back-garden was dark, with thick-growing trees, but the branches and leaves were plainly revealed by a light that streamed from an upper window.

"Some one is up at this hour!" said Sir Richard, pausing, and looking up. "They are early risers here. How fortunate!"

"It is a barred window!" said Hellice, wonderingly.

The three paused in a compact group, continuing to look upward. They fancied they heard the sound of voices in contention, and curiosity held them motionless.

At last, Sir Richard said:

"How thoughtless I am to keep you standing here, when you are so tired. I will knock —"

The words yet trembled on his lips when a form appeared at the upper window, a pane of glass was dashed out, and Lady Redwoode's despairing shriek rang out on the horrified air. The light behind her showed her white, despairing face and flowing hair.

"Lady Redwoode!" cried Sir Richard, involuntarily.

"Mother!" murmured Hellice, with uncontrollable joy, as she held her arms upward.

"It is Lady Redwoode—alive!" cried the baronet, almost paralysed at his discovery. "Alive! and here!"

Again that wild shriek rang out on the night-air.

Sir Richard shuddered incoherently to the helpless prisoner, rushed to the kitchen-door, but finding it locked, he then dashed in a window, leaping through the aperture, and disappeared within the house.

(To be continued.)

LORD CAIRNS does not at all become the Woolsack as far as scenic effect goes, or the Woolsack does not become him. In ordinary dress he is rather a dandy,

being given to peculiarly neat scarfs and shiny hats. He is a very pale and delicate-looking man; the black gown and full-bottomed wig of Lord Chancellor make him more so. He is tall; but sitting and sunken in the bale of soft goods which forms his resting-place in the Lords, he seems short and doubled up. Added to these disadvantages is a cold, which prevents him at present from being heard at a distance of one yard.

SCIENCE.

A GERMAN chemist has discovered the means of obtaining crystallized sugar from birch wood. Our old schoolmaster long ago practised the art of extracting bitter tears from the same sort of wood. We are inclined to think, therefore, it must belong to the bitter sweet variety.

A NEW spring of naphtha has just been discovered at Koudako, in the valley of the Kouban, in Caucasus. The jet, rising from a depth of 274 ft. below the surface of the ground, is 4 in. in diameter, and ascends to a height of 40 ft. The yield is said to be 6000 pailfuls per day.

NEW MACHINERY FOR ROLLING THE TEA LEAF. —The new tea leaf rolling machine consists of one or more discs rotated horizontally over a surface on which the leaves are placed. This surface, which represents regular linear indentations, is covered over with fine matting, and its relative distance from the revolving disc is under control. The latter is bound with a loose rim, which adjusts itself to the space between the disc and the lower surface, and thus imprisons the leaves whilst being rolled.

DR. LEMAIRE continues his interesting researches upon the multitude of organized beings which exist in the air of hospitals, and other ill-ventilated localities. He intends to show in a future paper that these microscopic beings are the cause of infection, and that it is by their means that disease spreads so rapidly. According to this view, those diseases only would be infectious which give birth to these minute animalcules. But M. Lemaire shows that they are developed in the bodies of healthy persons also, when cleanliness is not strictly adhered to. Very recently, M. V. Poulet has also written upon the presence of infusorial animalcules in the breath of children suffering from whooping-cough.

THE varied colours which the clouds assume at various times, especially at sunrise and sunset, are explained by Mr. Sorley on the principle that the clear transparent vapour of water absorbs more of the red rays of light than of any other, while the lower strata of the atmosphere offers more resistance to the passage of the blue rays. At sunrise and sunset the light of the sun has to pass through about 200 miles of atmosphere, within a mile of the surface of the earth, in order to illuminate a cloud a mile from the ground. In passing through this great thickness the blue rays are absorbed to a far greater extent than the red, and much of the yellow is also removed. Hence clouds thus illuminated are red. When the sun is higher above the horizon the yellow light passes more readily, and the clouds become orange, then yellow, and finally white. Clouds in different parts of the sky or at different elevations often show these colours at the same time.

STATISTICS.

CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS IN VICTORIA. —The statistics for the past year give twenty-five hospitals, some of which had benevolent asylums in connection with them. They had 155 wards, having 1,334,484 aggregate number of cubic feet in the wards, and 1,414 beds. Indoor relief was given to 10,183 persons, and outdoor to 49,291. The daily average of outdoor relief was 817.7, and indoor 1161.6. The number of benevolent asylums was 6, having 1,045 beds. Relief was given to 63,943 outdoor persons, and 6,127 indoor; the average daily relief being outdoor 833.8, and indoor 965.9. There were five orphan asylums, having 863 beds, and affording relief to 894 indoors and 8 outdoors. The expenditure of the hospitals was 89,722. 18s. 6d., and the receipts from government for building purposes 14,950l., for maintenance 50,073l. 15s. 4d., and from private contributions 23,421l. 7s. 1d. The private contributions to benevolent asylums were 6,956l. 17s. 9d.; to orphan asylums 6,923l. 19s. 1d. The government contributed 14,200l. for building purposes, and 28,794l. 15s. 1d. for maintenance. The expenditure was 63,790l. 6s. 10d. A calculation of the sums contributed by the public to the various charitable institutions during 1866, gives the sum of 49,077. 15s. 4d. This does not include the amount contributed to religious purposes or special appeals to the public benevolence on temporary matters.



[THE NEW HOME.]

LILLIAN GASTON.

CHAPTER VIII.

MASTER TED THAXTER was impatient enough for his next visit to the Snuggery, and he did not allow the pony to walk a step of the way. He sprang from the saddle, caught up his satchel of books, and ran furiously up the steps, but did not turn in the direction of his Greek and Latin master.

"Mrs. Monkford, Mrs. Monkford! where are you?" he called.

And in response the light step of the little woman was heard on the stairs, and a moment after her happy, smiling face presented itself.

"Well, Ted, you are wonderfully impatient. What will you have? Mr. Monkford is ready for you."

"But I want to talk with you. I want you to tell me all about it."

"About what?" still the tantalizing smile on her face.

"Oh, bother! now you are teasing me," returned Master Ted, not at all in awe of the dear little mistress of the place. "You know I want to hear about the girl. Did she get well? Has she gone away?"

"Come and see her, Ted," exclaimed Mrs. Monkford, smiling joyously, out of the fulness of her heart; and seizing the boy's hand, she led him upstairs, and softly pushed open a chamber door.

It was a pretty picture which Ted beheld, although it made him open his eyes in astonishment. There was the little girl, her eyes bright and clear, and her lips smiling, although her cheek was still pale, sitting up in bed, propped up with pillows, and there, actually on his knees beside the couch, was the grave, learned man of letters, his cheeks distended, blowing away lustily at some bright-coloured soap-bubbles, his eyes dancing roguishly. He rose, and put down the pipe, with a comical grimace.

"So ho! Here is my man of classic culture. What will he say to discover his stern master at such absurd tricks? Little one, make the best of your time here. When you are well, I shall set you, too, at digging into Greek roots."

"Oh, James, do you really mean it?" cried his wife.

"Why not?" replied he, good-humouredly. "Isn't it true that as minds are fed so they thrive? If she will bear it, I won't promise that I shan't launch her boldly into deeper mysteries."

"Is she going to live with you?" asked Ted, eyeing the pretty, dainty-looking creature rather shyly;

for he could not comprehend that she was the same child he had seen in the outcast's arms.

"To be sure she is," returned Mr. Monkford, promptly, passing his hand fondly over the shining curls.

"She is our Lily now," added his wife, taking the little hands into hers.

"That is splendid!" commented Ted. "I'm sure you ought, all of you, to thank me for being clever enough to think of bringing her here."

"Was it you?" asked Lily, smiling through a little mist of happy tears. "Indeed, indeed, I shall always thank you."

"And I," "And I," echoed the Monkfords.

"And now," said the little mistress of the Snuggery, "since it is Lily's luncheon hour, why shouldn't we all share it with her? Ted I know is ready for it. There is nothing like a long canter for sharpening the appetite."

Then she rang the bell, held a little whispered consultation with Ann, and came back to wheel the round table close to the bedside, and set on it the bouquet which had hitherto graced the mantelpiece.

Master Ted was pursuing his investigations by trying the soap-bubbles.

"Why," said he, "I should like to blow them myself. How did you colour the water, and what makes them stay so long?"

"A little trick of chemistry I learned long ago," answered Mr. Monkford, looking a little ashamed of his pride in them. "I tried the experiment to see if I remembered it correctly, and used it for Lily's amusement."

"And oh, he has been telling me about such a wonderful thing!" interposed Lily, eagerly. "He is going to make me a fairy lantern, to throw pictures on the wall."

"A magic lantern!" exclaimed Ted, jubilantly. "Oh, Mr. Monkford, what a splendid one it will be, if you make it!"

"And mother is going to paint the pictures."

"Mother?" repeated Ted, doubtfully.

"Yes, mother," returned Lily, smiling in glad triumph. "Mrs. Monkford tells me to call her so, and it is as natural to me as if it were really true."

Mrs. Monkford left off her table arrangements—for Sarah had brought her a tray of china—and coming to the bedside, kissed her softly.

"Yes, Ted, I am her mother now."

"And you will paint the pictures, and Mr. Monkford make the magic lantern? Oh, dear! I wish I recited my lessons in the evening," exclaimed Ted.

"We must manage to have you here on a visit

when our grand exhibition is ready. And you can keep the pony here, and teach Lily to ride. But she must take her first exercise in the chaise," replied Mrs. Monkford, kindly.

"Is Lily very ill?" questioned Master Ted, in a low voice, looking sorrowfully at the thin hands, in which the veins showed so plainly as they lay crossed on the coverlet.

"Oh, no," answered Mrs. Monkford, quickly, already jealously resentful of such an assertion. "The doctor says it is only the result of undue exertion and natural delicacy. I am going to let her sit up tomorrow, and take her out to ride every day, and she will soon be strong and well."

"How good you are, to take so much trouble!" said the boy, a little wonderingly.

"Good?" repeated the little woman, stopping her busy hands to clasp them fervently. "How happy it is for me, you mean!"

Mr. Monkford heard it, and for once was clear enough from abstraction, to comprehend and read all the gesture expressed. He turned her round, and looked down tenderly into her face.

"Little traitor!" whispered he; "there was a corner in your heart, then, which I could not fill."

She laughed, and blushed a little, but ended with a smile as she returned:

"You have not missed that little, I am sure."

"No, generous, unselfish little heart, there has been no missing on my part. I am thankful the child is here."

And Mr. Monkford went back to the bedside, and presently they were all sitting around the table, and never was there a gay or merrier party.

"How jolly this is!" pronounced Master Ted, in a tone of immense satisfaction. "We had never anything like it before. I'm sure, I shall think these recitations a treat now."

"Recitations? Bless me! I had forgotten all about it. March along into my room, young man, and let me see what you have done," exclaimed the master, rising from his chair.

And Master Ted, with a comical grimace, took up his satchel and obeyed. When he had finished his task, he passed again through the room, and stopped a moment to talk with Lily, who was for that time left alone. She turned her blue eyes upon him with a grateful glance.

"I am thankful to you," said she. "You mustn't think I am careless, and forgot it. Next to uncle and my new mother, I am thankful to you for all that has happened."

"I am glad you don't forget him—your uncle, I mean. I was almost afraid you would. And I knew

that would be hard enough upon him," answered Master Ted, boy fashion.

"Forgot uncle!" repeated Lily, a tear slipping over the golden eyelash. "Why, he spoke the first kind word I heard after my mother died, and I can scarcely remember her. Oh no; nothing could make me forget uncle."

The thought was still in the child's mind, when Mrs. Monkford brought Gaston up to see her that evening, and with delicate kindness left the pair alone.

His face was grave, for all that loving light in the eyes. He half shrunk back, as Lily raised herself, and tried to throw her arms around his neck.

"Oh, no, my darling," said he, in tender gratitude, but with sincere humility. "New you are so nice and clean, with those beautiful ruffles on, I wouldn't have you kiss a dusty old fellow like me. It will dirty them, maybe. I'll take the will for the deed, and be thankful for that."

"I don't want the ruffles, nor the nice dress, if they're to hinder my kissing you, uncle," said Lily, resolutely. "I've been lying here, listening for you to come up the walk, and thinking how you would rest me by taking me in your arms. And now I want it. And I wish you to kiss me."

"Bless you!" said he, his broad chest heaving. "I don't deserve that you should think so much of me. The Lord knows I love you as much as you can ask. But now, you see, Lily, things are different. You're going to be a little lady, and I am proud and happy enough in being your faithful servant; and it stands to reason we mustn't be quite so familiar."

"I don't know what you mean. I want you to take me up in your arms, just as you did when I was ill, and you were carrying me on the road, being turned away from work for my sake," said Lily, almost crying.

He stooped down and caught her up in his arms, with the strong, close hug which had at first so astonished and charmed her.

"Yes, that is it," said she, in a more cheerful tone. "Now wrap that shawl around me. That is the way mother fastened it when my new father took me up. Now, uncle, tell me what you've been doing to-day, and if you've got work, and have a nice comfortable place to live in. Mother said you would tell me."

"Yes, darling, it is all as comfortable as I could ask; better than I deserve," answered he, smoothing out the little soft fingers on his broad palm.

Lily's soft fingers were stroking his hand.

"And now," said she, "it's all beautiful, and we have nothing to hinder us from being happy."

"You haven't certainly, little one; and I am happy when you are."

"Do you know, I can't make it seem anything but a dream that I ever lived with Dame Higginson? It is so strange, when that life was so long, and this has been so short."

"I would forget it all. You will never have any more such experience," returned he, gently.

"They are so good to me here. It half frightens me, because there is nothing I can do for them, you know," pursued Lily, freeing her mind of the childish perplexities which she had concealed through the day. "If I thought there was any chance for them to be paid back, I think I should be a great deal happier."

"Then rest easy, darling," returned he, earnestly. "They will be repaid. They will see the time, and shortly, too, that they will be proud and thankful for what they have done. You will repay them in love, goodness, and in money, a hundredfold."

The child clasped her hands, and looked up in his face in an ecstasy of delight.

"Oh, uncle, you are so good to me! I heard you say something one night—one of those terrible nights on the road—and I have trembled and hoped ever since. You needn't tell me till it is sure, and I shan't say it to any one; but I know now it is true, and shall rest contented."

"Blessed child! you trust me so much?" said he, his eyes filling with tears. "What better witness can I ask that heaven will also forgive me?"

"Don't talk in that way, uncle," said Lily, with the pretty, imperious way this new life had taught her. "It almost sounds as if —"

"As if what, Lily?" repeated he, sorrowfully.

"As if you had been wicked, or some time or other had done a wrong thing, and I won't have it so."

"Child, child," sobbed he, "your innocent talk is like a dagger to me. I have been wicked—dreadfully wicked, Lily; but I would die forty times over now, if I could only recall it."

Lily stared at him with her wide, unbelieving eyes. "No, no," said she; "not like that. You have thought bad thoughts, perhaps, or been angry, but not really, truly wicked, uncle, or I could not love you so."

He set her down gravely on the bed, taking care to tuck the shawl around her little feet, and then turned towards her his grave, sad face.

"Lily," said he, "you are only a little child, but you have a pure soul, and get clearer glimpses of heaven than I am able. You shall be my judge. I will not deceive you—no, not in a single thing—for now that you are in this sweet, happy home, it will not fret and wear upon you. Tell me first what you call wicked."

"Why, uncle, you know. Lying, stealing, killing."

I told you I knew you had never been wicked."

"Oh, heaven pity me!" burst from the man in an agonised tone, which made Lily tremble and turn pale. "Only the Omnipotent Eye can know what it costs me to put away this one sweet love which brightens my desolate life."

He was silent a moment, his eyes closed, his lips quivered, and then he turned to the child, who sat trembling in awed expectation.

"Lily, Lily," said he, "the law, the terrible iron law of England, can take me this moment from your side, and put me back into prison, because—because I have done all three—lying, stealing, killing."

Lily uttered a little cry of horror, and sat shuddering, unable to speak another word. He looked at her mournfully.

"My poor child, listen. It was my own wild passion which first led me astray, and then an evil tempter, and afterwards that which will lead a man to anything—drink, strong drink. Listen, darling, and, if you can, pity and forgive me. I think, young as you are, you will not fail to understand all I tell you. Your mother and I were sweethearts once, and I always thought she would be my wife. But there came another—a fine gentleman, a nobleman—and his graceful airs and polished manners won her away from me—won her to the ruin of her happiness. Alas! I was young, wild, and headstrong, and there was a human hand at hand, fanning the evil flame in my heart. Instead of pitying her, I was filled with mad, jealous rage. I swore revenge. I followed her movements stealthily. I went to work, mind you, at the fiend's instigation, and with crafty cunning, worthy a better cause, I stole away the proofs of her marriage; even cut out the leaf in the parish register of the distant town, to which he had taken her for the secret ceremony. I made all this sure, and the fiend, he is still living, child, only a little distance off, rich, happy, and prosperous, assured me the rest could be left to his management. And it was. I knew before I left the country that she was left a desolate, shame-stricken, broken-hearted woman. Child, child! it did not cool the fire in my heart to know that I had succeeded. I plunged into drink to drown the remorse that began to cry out within me. Wild companions got hold of me, and led me into evil ways. Maddened with drink, in a low brawl I struck a blow which sent a poor soul home to its Maker. Then came a trial. The testimony, I believe, was conflicting; they could not hang me, but enough was proved to send me away—to transport me for life."

He paused, wiping away the great drops which stood on his forehead, and looked piteously into the set white face of the child.

"Lily, Lily, no wonder you are shocked. You know me now at my worst, and you will not wonder I am afraid of your pure kisses. Darling, darling, forgive me! only say you forgive me!"

But Lily could not speak at all. She was trying her best to keep from bursting into a flood of tears.

"I have told you the worst. There, in that dreary convict life, I escaped from the delirium of drink, and I saw myself as I was, and loathed, hated, and feared the horrible thing I had become. Your mother's pale face was always haunting me; it stared at me from whatever scene I entered, and kept a sad, reproachful vigil at my pillow, whether it was the grassy turf or the coarse straw of a cell. I shudder now to recall those terrible, terrible days of remorse. I can never tell you what I suffered. But at last a sort of comfort came in a wild determination to escape—to return to England—at whatever risk to myself, and grovelling at her feet, restore to her the proofs, which all the while I had preserved, from a vague hope of their future worth. Restitution became the one thought, dream, and aim of my life. I went to work with what patience I could. I laid the train, though I knew it would be years before it would be of use. Child, child! I toiled three years under untold hardships for the chance of making my escape, and I was another three years in that situation, before I judged I was secure enough in their confidence to be trusted down at the seaport in their business, and then, with my hoarded pittance of money, I bought the chance to stow myself away in an English ship. Even then there was a great deal of management required. But I succeeded. I reached England. I made my way to the town where your mother had lived. She had dis-

appeared, and no one knew anything about her. But, step by step, I followed her here, and I found her—in that graveyard. Lily, Lily! whatever anguish she suffered through those bitter years, I tell you it was all avenged tenfold upon me, as I sunk upon that grave of hers, and found that all my dreams of restitution were in vain. Yes, that one moment held more terrible anguish than all her years of sorrow, for she was innocent, pure, and good, and I was guilty, guilty, guilty!"

His voice was full of unutterable grief and despair. Lily could not bear it. With a burst of tears, she flung her arms around his neck, sobbing:

"No, no, uncle, it cannot be! I won't have it so. You are sorry now; you are good now. Mother won't blame you; I know she won't, if she can look down from heaven and see how sorry you are. And you've made it up to me, uncle. Don't tell me any more."

"There is little more to tell, except that all I have to live for now, is to undo my wicked work, and to restore you to your rights. When that is accomplished, I care not how soon death comes. I shall welcome its approach with grateful joy. Or, if it be heaven's will that I be further tried for expiation, I will not murmur if I am discovered and sent back to finish out my sentence. I wanted to have this talk with you, dear child. I feel relieved, and thankful that it is over. You know me now, and I shall not feel like a hypocrite when I come to you—if, indeed, you still wish to have me come."

"Oh, uncle!" said Lily, with quivering lips, "how can you think I shall not? I love you, uncle. I love you just as much. I am not sure, indeed, but I love you more than I did before, because you have been so very unhappy."

"You are a little angel!" sobbed he, and did not refuse to take her in his arms again, where she nestled with a gentle, rapt expression, her eyes closed, and her hands clasped over his. "I have been thinking, Lily," continued he, "that perhaps I shan't come here as often as I expected. You see, I've become careful, and keep clear from them who knew me to be something different from Gaston. And besides, there's the evil one—the man who was at the bottom of all this trouble. I don't quite trust him, and I don't want him to find you out, which might be done if I came here often. And I've seen him. The Lord knows I don't want to misjudge him, or any one else. It would be hard on me to judge me now by what I did in my wickedness, and it may be the same with him. I hope he has repented. I'm willing to risk my own part in trusting him, but not yours, Lily—not yours; that must not be ventured upon in any way. So I shall keep away from here, if I find I'm watched, and you'll understand that is the reason, if I don't come. I'm going to tell the whole story to these noble-hearted people, as soon as I've had an understanding with him. And you shall know the whole then, Lily, names and all."

"I don't mind waiting," said Lily, gently; "only I shall miss you, uncle, if you don't come often."

"Not so much as if you hadn't found this safe home. I see how Providence has led us. You are cared for, and I can work my way without fretting about you. You will be very happy, little Lily."

"And so will you," returned Lily.

He passed his hand across his forehead, and smiled slowly.

"Yes, whatever is my part, I shall be happy if the wrong be righted," said he; and he still had the same look as when he told her his history—the look of one talking through the child to some one higher, older, farther removed. "I shall make my atonement—no matter for the rest. And now," added he, "I must go. You look tired, and I am afraid Mrs. Monkford will think I have kept you awake too long. Good-by, my darling."

"Good-night, you mean, uncle. Remember, I shan't be happy without you come often."

"You love me, in spite of what I have told you—you love me a little?" said he, in an humble, grateful tone.

"I love you very much. Let me kiss you good-night."

And when Mrs. Monkford's step was heard on the stairs, he was ready to go; and he was glad to be allowed to pass her with a simple good-night, for his eyes were full of tears, and his broad chest was heaving. There was a strange presentiment of something solemn, and yet, somehow, not entirely sad, coming to him, about which he could not talk at all.

CHAPTER IX.

LILY rode out the next day, and every day for a week; and at the expiration of that time she was able to walk freely in the garden, or wherever she chose. Every day unfolded to the admiration of her new friends some unexpected grace in the child.

At first, her humility and overwhelming gratitude, her fear of in some way offending her benefactors, had disturbed Mrs. Monkford, by keeping her always reminded that she was really a little outcast, raised by her kindness to a level with them. But after that talk with Gaston, Lily's manner changed. The painful sense of being dependent, and out of her native sphere, left her. A quiet pride, a happy consciousness that presently they were to be repaid tenfold, put her at ease, and made her glad and gay as a summer bird. Mr. Monkford, especially, was both astonished and delighted at the sunshine and brightness she brought into the house, as she went dancing lightly from room to room, and breaking up with her merry prattle the grave atmosphere that had always reigned there.

"My dear," said he to his wife, again and again, "she is really a most extraordinary little creature. Where else can you find such wise little womanly ways, such sweet temper, and yet sprightly, enlivening manners? I don't think there was ever a child like her before."

"She is a precious little darling," answered Mrs. Monkford, with one of her rare smiles. "But all children are beautiful."

The man of letters shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know about that, little woman. I am sure I can call to mind a score of noisy, overbearing, uncomely boys, and twice as many port, vain, disagreeable young misses. But this little Lily, I grant you, is lovely and thoroughly charming. I can't be too happy that she has come to us, for, you see, when I am away I shall know you are not lonely; and if anything should happen to me, you will have some one left to love and care for you."

"Oh, James! as if Lily or any one could atone for your loss!" And the little woman's lip quivered.

"I did not mean atone, but ameliorate," replied he, gravely. "By the way, Master Ted is making quite a heroine of the little lady. Did you see them to-day, while he was holding her on his pony? It was quite a picture. I wonder if I shall be called upon to tell his father the child's history? The Thaxtons are as haughty in their way as the proudest noblemen in the kingdom."

"There will be time enough to think of that half a dozen years hence. This man Gaston acknowledged to me that he was really no relation at all. I can't help feeling sure Lily's parents were refined and educated people. Her language is peculiarly elegant, and far beyond her years, especially when you consider her horrible life with that woman."

"Well, I am going to take a ride over in that direction. I'll call at the Thaxtons to report Ted's progress, and I'll take occasion to tell them how Lily came to us, and that we mean to adopt her. Once aware of that fact, I don't see that they can blame us, if half a dozen years hence, such a thing should happen."

"Are you going with Rosinante?"

"No; I think I'll try a gallop on this new horse which Bailey has sent to me for trial. He's a noble creature, and, as Bailey expressed it, can hunt all alone. I've a mind to call at Poplar. I've discovered that my talented young contributor to the review is the manager there, and I am anxious to have a talk with him. In that case, you must dine alone. But, as I said before, you have Lily. I shan't have my rueful conscience whispering all the time, 'There's the little woman all alone at home; and you mustn't stay here among the gay people, keeping her waiting for you.' So I shall stay, if inclined."

He laughed as he said it.

"Nevertheless, you must not remain too long," answered she, with a bright smile. "And be careful with the new horse. I'd rather you took Rosinante."

And she helped him to get ready for the drive, was at the portico when he mounted, and watched the caroling of the powerful animal he rode with distrustful eyes. At the gateway he turned to look back, and seeing her still watching, waved his hand with all a lover's eagerness.

Mrs. Monkford turned with a smile of eager content, and went to find Lily, who was busy colouring a new picture-book, from the same paint-box which was soon to furnish pictures for the magic lantern.

"Now we are to have a long day to ourselves," she said. "I wonder if I couldn't make a picture for the lantern of a gentleman galloping away out of the yard. That would make him laugh when he came home, wouldn't it?"

"Or one of him blowing the soap-bubbles for Ted and me. Wouldn't that astonish the book-makers?" added Lily, gleefully.

And Mrs. Monkford seized upon the idea, sat down at the table, and presently had drawn out on paper the figures which were to be transferred to glass, and at every fresh movement of the pencil Lily exclaimed with wonder and admiration.

Mr. Monkford, meanwhile, rode on his way with a bright face and a light heart. As he passed the

avenue leading into Poplar, a grave-faced young man came cantering out. A quick conviction came to James Monkford, and with an earnest gesture he drew the attention of the rider.

"Can you tell me if I shall find Mr. Arthur Yelveton in at the place yonder?" he asked, courteously.

The young man raised his dark eyes with an expression of surprise, but answered, promptly:

"I am Arthur Yelveton."

"Humph! Upon my soul, it is as I believed. I am rejoiced to meet you. So you are my talented young contributor?"

"Mr. James Monkford?" exclaimed Arthur Yelveton, a glow mounting to his very forehead. "I am indeed honoured, if you were coming to see me."

"And I am very proud and glad to know you. Which way are you riding? If towards Thaxton Close, I shall be very glad of your company."

"I shall consider it a great privilege and honour to accompany you. I had no particular destination in view."

"Come on, then. This big fellow under me will be as glad of company as his rider. He has been uneasy at every comrade he has passed. Now then, about that last article of yours. I can tell you, my young friend, it made its mark. I hope you mean to give your talents full scope. You ought to put away all other business from you, and turn exclusively to authorship."

"You fill me with pride and gratitude," replied young Yelveton, his great deep eyes kindling like an eagle's. "I have been frittering away my time, and what powers have been given me. I will not do so any longer."

"Was I rightly informed that you have been, Lady Fitzgerald's business agent—the manager of the estate?"

"Yes, sir; but I have already given notice that I must leave the place."

"Right, right! In our line, we need just as much devotion and absorbed attention as in any business. But I'll be bound you have done your duty faithfully there. Lady Fitzgerald will miss you."

"Perhaps so," replied Arthur Yelveton, a gloomy shadow falling over his face; "but her ladyship can find another steward."

"And I cannot find another contributor of your force and depth. Exactly. But, my young friend, unless I am mistaken, you will find a wider sphere soon than my journal. Those wings of yours have a vast expansion in their power. You will soar beyond my following."

"Sir!" exclaimed Arthur Yelveton; "now you are too generous in your judgment. If it were any other, I should fear you were making sport of me."

"Well, well, we shall see. I want you to continue the series, and when you have all your time at your command, you must try another subject. I could wish it to be a brighter one. I am afraid,"—and here kind-hearted James Monkford paused and glanced at the stern, set lips of his companion—"I am afraid your view of life has been bleak and cold. It is very plain you do not love it as a happy man ought. I wish I could teach you to see how bitterness spoils a satire, and misanthropy ruins an ode. That is all the criticism I find—that your writings show a melancholy temperament."

The young author bang his head, and was silent a moment; then, with a frank smile, he looked up, and said earnestly:

"I thank you heartily, sir, for this hint. You are right; it is folly and cowardice, because one's own horizon holds portentous clouds, to crowd the same gloomy forebodings into the clear skies of others. You shall not have cause for this criticism again."

"And I will hope that the rising sun will sweep your sky clear likewise."

Arthur Yelveton shook his head, and they rode on for a little time in silence, and then the conversation turned upon general subjects. At the fork of the roads they parted, Mr. Monkford turning his horse's head into a lane, which shortened the distance to Thaxton Close, and his companion, cantering to the right, to make a survey of some new operation going on there, upon a part of Lady Fitzgerald's property, both agreeing to be at the same place, at such an hour, on the return home.

The young man arrived first, and waited ten, fifteen, twenty minutes, without any uneasiness or apprehension, but when an hour passed, he began to be as restless and impatient as his horse.

"What can it mean?" murmured he, as he walked to and fro, leading the fretting animal. "If it were any other person, I should go my way, and conclude it was carelessness or thoughtlessness. But Mr. Monkford is the soul of punctuality and kindness. He would not keep me waiting any more than he would the Duke of B——. I cannot help fearing something has happened."

He consulted his watch once more, and then, springing into the saddle, exclaimed with decision:

"I will ride a little on the road to see if there be any sign of his coming."

Saying which, he turned into the lane, and rode on, swiftly something like half a mile, until he came to the plain, across which he saw the turrets of Thaxton Close, and every step of the road between. Nothing was visible.

"Not started yet?" he muttered; "or is it possible he arrived at the rendezvous first, and rode on slowly to allow me to overtake him? That horse of his was a fiery creature, and might trouble him in waiting. Well, there is nothing left for me but to go back."

He turned around, and was riding along the lane, when all at once he heard a feeble halloo, which a moment after was followed by a shrill neigh, as if of a horse in agony.

Alfred Yelveton rode hastily until he came to the spot from whence the sound seemed to come, and he uttered an exclamation of horror and grief, as his eye caught view of the painful sight which presented itself. Springing off his horse, and leaping over the stile, he exclaimed:

"Good heavens! Mr. Monkford, you are injured."

"Is it you, Yelveton? Thank heaven that some one has come! I feared I was to perish here before I should make myself heard."

It was a task of no little difficulty, for the horse had fallen in leaping over the stile, breaking his own leg, and rolling over upon his rider, crushing his limb, and pinioning him so that he could not escape. "You are in great pain, sir. Do you think you can move yourself at all?" Arthur Yelveton asked, anxiously.

"I cannot be sure. I have fainted half a dozen times in trying to extricate myself, and lying here so long in such torment has made me as weak as a baby. The brute has met his own punishment. There was a hunter's halloo off hence in the woods, and what did he do, in spite of all my efforts, but rush to this stile and leap over, and, stepping on a stone, down he came; and here I have been ever since I left you."

"What! Was the fall just after you left me? I thought it was on the return. My dear, dear sir, what tortures you have suffered! I must not delay a moment to do the best I can for your help."

While he spoke he was at work. He brought a plank he had wrenched from the stile, and a heavy log he found elsewhere, to weigh down the struggling animal's head, and then carefully pried up the flank under which the wounded limb was crushed, and slowly, and as carefully as might be, pushed away the form of the rider. Mr. Monkford shut his eyes and clenched his teeth, but had no strength to resist the pain, and when Arthur, with an ejaculation of thanksgiving, found him free, he discovered also that he lay like a dead man, with closed eyes, ghastly face, and cold, white lips.

His first look convinced him that it was only a fainting fit, and then, with wise forethought, he made his examination of the wounded limb, then tearing off his cravat, and stripping his handkerchief in pieces, he did the best he could with the crushed bones and mangled flesh, before reviving the sufferer.

James Monkford smiled gratefully, as soon as returning consciousness showed him the young man tenderly bathing his face, and moistening his lip with the water he had brought in his hat from a brook, whose gurgle could be distinctly heard.

"Oh, that water!" sighed he. "I have learned something about the doom of Tantalus, lying here prisoned to the ground, and thirsting for a single drop to cool my parched lips, with that bubble and gurgle sounding all the time in my ears."

"Are you more comfortable now? Can I venture to leave you and go for help?"

"Hold your hat to my lips, and let me drink first. And then pour it over the leg. How is it—crushed to a jelly?"

"Not so bad as that, I hope. But since you have been lying so long, I don't think there should be a moment's delay in getting a surgeon here. I suppose you will go to Thaxton Close, and that I had better ride there for help?"

"Yes, I suppose so," said Mr. Monkford, with the first sign of dejection. "I am afraid I have taken my final leave of the Snuggery. Poor little woman! poor little woman! She charged me to be on my guard with this brute. She wanted me to take Rosinante. You will see that she comes to me, wherever I am carried?"

"Yes, sir, yes sir! I will do everything possible. Let me roll my coat for a pillow. Now, sir, I am going. Keep up a good heart, and I assure you there shall be no delay."

As he ceased, Arthur Yelveton leaped over the stile, mounted his own horse, and dashed furiously towards Thaxton Close. The news he brought roused

the whole family, and no time was lost in fitting up an ambulance. Master Ted rode foremost, carrying a basket of restoratives, while one of the servants was despatched in haste for a surgeon. They found him insensible, and, at Arthur Yelveton's suggestion, performed the painful task of lifting him upon their improvised ambulance before making any attempt at reviving him. The surgeon met them as they entered the gate at Thaxton Close, and assisted in removing the sufferer to a couch. He wore a very grave face as he came from his examination of the patient, muttering:

(To be continued.)

MAGAFF THE WISE.

CHAPTER XVII.

On the day following the visit of Sigbert to the prison there was great bustle and stir in York. The coming day was to witness the coronation of the new king, and the people, ever watchful of those rare occasions when festivity was free and general, and of long duration, had already laid aside their implements of toil, in anticipation of the enjoyment in store for them. And thus resting from their labours they were ready for the entertainment of news and gossip, he who had the most wonderful things to tell being held as the best companion. On the previous day it had been whispered that a royal prince was in the city prison. Curiosity was keenly alive, and in time the whole truth was known; and on this day the intelligence spread through the town, until not a man or woman in York but knew that Edwin, the son of Cadwallader, was in the prison, and doomed to death.

"Ah, poor Cadwallader!" ejaculated a middle-aged man, about whom a large crowd had gathered in the shop of Roland the baker. "I knew him well; and a fairer prince, or a better, never lived. His was a sad fate."

The younger ones of the company were eager to hear the story of Cadwallader, and Roland told it them truly. And he told them, too, how the son of Cadwallader and Edilberga had been outlawed simply because of his parentage.

"I saw Hermon, the gaoler, this morning," he went on, "and he told me that this young prince was one of the fairest and most comely men he ever saw."

"And is he to be put to death?"

"Yes."

"And wherefore?"

"Because he left Anwick Isle against the express permission of the royal edict."

"It is shameful!"

"Ay—it is shameful, indeed. I have no doubt this Edwin of Anwick would make a much better king than Sigbert."

Upon that a man who wore a soldier's garb spoke out:

"Have a care, my friends. Think as much as you please, but beware how you speak. Sigbert hath his spies in every quarter of the city. He sits in fear and trembling."

But the good people were not to be silenced. The story of the unfortunate prince had excited their deepest sympathy, and they could not hold their tongues.

The scene in the shop of the baker was a type of scenes that were transpiring all over the city. Many there were in every quarter who remembered the royal Cadwallader very well; and they knew that he ought to have been king; and the presence of the son of that unfortunate prince in the city prison served to bring the old story freshly to their minds, and it was told by hundreds of tongues to thousands of listening ears, while in many sympathizing breasts the story found echo in responsive love and good-will.

Late in the afternoon the ruling prince sent for Hermon to come to the royal palace.

"Well, good Hermon, how is it with your prisoner?"

"Sire," replied the gaoler, willing to tickle the prince's ear with the royal address, "there would seem to be some special power holding watch and ward over the welfare of my prisoner. Thrice have I placed before him bread containing the powder you gave me, and thrice hath he eaten without so much as breaking the loaf."

"Then hark ye, Hermon. To-night, for his supper, do you make a savoury stew of rabbit's meat, and into it put that bread. Wilt do it?"

"I will make it, sire."

"Good! And be sure he has nothing else."

The gaoler did not promise the latter; but went away fully determined that not for all the wealth the king could bestow would he harm a hair of young Edwin's head.

Not long after Hermon took his leave Ethelred

entered the prince's closet, and informed him that Offa, Earl of Durham, with a large retinue, had arrived in the city.

"Ay," responded Sigbert; "I expected him, but why should he travel with such a retinue? How many followers hath he?"

"I should say full fourscore, or, mayhap, a hundred knaves, all armed and well mounted."

"Now, by my faith, the earl doth aim to make show of his great wealth. But let him do it. When I am king, I shall lay claim to some of his vast possessions; for I am fully resolved that the Lady Norna shall be my queen."

"And there hath been another arrival, sire. The Lady of Hilda is here. She came with the earl; and bearing her company is that stout knight of Anwick, called Oswald."

"Ha!" cried the prince, "he is Edwin's friend?"

"Yes, sire."

"And what doth he in the train of the abbot?"

"That I cannot tell. They are now with the archbishop."

"By my life! I like it not, Ethelred. This Oswald should not be here at all. I doubt that man. I tremble when I behold him. Hath he no look for you that maketh you start and quiver?"

"He hath a look, sire, that puzzles me. As I live I do not believe him to be what he seemeth. Were I in your place, when I had put Edwin out of my way, I should next turn my attention to him."

"I shall do so, Ethelred. And now, my friend, it is my desire that you employ a score, or more, of our most trusty fellows, and send them out into the city to-night, to watch and listen, and to be prepared on their return to tell me what is the temper of the people. I would know particularly what they say of Edwin of Anwick."

The night came, and passed, and when the spies whom Ethelred had sent forth were collected in the ante-chamber, previous to making their report, they agreed that they would not draw down upon their own heads the wrath of their royal master by telling him the truth. So, when they were admitted to his presence, they told him falsely. They told him that the people throughout the city were crying, till they were hoarse: "Long live good Sigbert!" and "Death to all traitors and outlaws!"

"Do the people cry thus?"

"Ay truly, sire."

And the prince gave them money, and sent them away.

"Good Ethelred, and you, Adelstane, lend me your ears and your wisdom; for there is a subject weighing upon my mind which hath given me much trouble; but since the citizens are crying out against the outlaw, I feel more easy. Offa, Earl of Durham, and Augustine, the archbishop, have demanded that Edwin of Anwick shall have public trial before the ceremony of coronation takes place. Can this be prevented? I had hoped that the outlaw might perish in his dungeon; but there is no such fortune for me. Ah, here comes Barhuff. Good Barhuff, do you know what hath been demanded touching the trial of Edwin of Anwick?"

"I have heard, sire, that our good earl of Durham has requested that he be tried before the ceremony of your coronation."

"Ay, not only Offa, but the archbishop also, hath made the demand. I had just asked of Ethelred and Adelstane, if I could prevent this thing; and now I ask you. What say you, gentlemen?"

They all three shook their heads; and then Adelstane spoke:

"It were useless to object, sire. A peer of the realm—and such young Edwin is by birth—cannot be held in prison, after the death of the king, if two or more companion peers demand his trial. Were you king, you could do as you pleased; but if the archbishop hath joined with Offa in the request, you cannot be crowned until that demand hath been complied with."

"And can they remove the edict by which Edwin is outlawed?" asked Sigbert, trembling with apprehension.

"No, no, my lord," answered Adelstane, quickly. "You have no occasion for fear in that direction. Thanks to your lucky star, a royal edict can only be set aside by a royal hand; but a penalty, involving life, may, I think, in the event of the king's death, be forgiven. The most that can be done, without revolution, will be, to relieve the youth, and send him back to Anwick."

Sigbert's countenance grew brighter, and he breathed more freely; and then came over him again the dread which had oppressed him.

"Thank heaven!" he cried, "they cannot set Edwin free, and claim for him the crown!"

"In heaven's name, my dear Sigbert," exclaimed Adelstane, "has such a thought troubled you?"

"In truth it has."

"Then let it trouble you no more. By a law of

the land, as solemn as law can be made, no chamber of peers can undo a royal edict. As I said before, they may protect life; but they cannot restore to place and power."

"Then," said Sigbert, with beaming eye, "let the trial come. They may spare Edwin's life, if they will; but woe be unto the man that stands in Edwin's shoes when I am king!"

The appointed hour had come—the hour looked forward to by so many with expectations as various as there were variety of tastes and desires—and within the great cathedral of York—at that time the largest building in England—were assembled the peers of the realm, together with men and women of high and low degree. Upon the broad dais at the head of the nave sat the archbishop, who for the time held rule, as the crown and the sceptre were both in his keeping. With him were the more powerful barons of the kingdom, foremost among whom sat the earl of Durham. Upon his left, near the golden crucifix which she herself had given, sat the Lady of Hilda, and with her was the beautiful daughter of Offa, the observed of all who could get a view of her sweet and lovely face. Sigbert was also upon the dais, wearing the ermine robe which modesty and good taste should have prompted one in his position to have left off until the crown was his to wear with it. But the prince was not a modest man; and as for his good taste, there may have been more of ignorance than of ill-judgment. The area where the transept crossed the nave was occupied by those of high degree—by knights and esquires, and fair ladies; while farther away were assembled a multitude of citizens—men of trade, men of art and science, artisans, and those who toiled in the lower callings of life; but all together now, and all moved by the one desire to behold the outlaw of Anwick, and to see their new king crowned.

At a sign from him who presided over the scene a herald took position before the dais, and having blown a blast upon his brazen trumpet, he announced that Edwin of Anwick, outlawed from his birth, claimed through his peers the right to a life which he had forfeited by law.

And then, up from the north transept, came the prisoner, led by two of the chief officers of the royal household; and having ascended the platform upon the right of the prelate, he turned and faced the multitude. A little while all was silence in that vast space; but soon a murmur arose—a murmur which cut to the soul of Sigbert like a two-edged sword—for it was a union of a thousand voices, breathing praise and admiration of the noble youth, the story of whose life they had so lately heard.

And then Augustine, respected and beloved by all the true-hearted people of York, arose and spoke. He had not much to say. The story of Edwin's father was too well known to require an extended statement; but he gave a brief outline—telling how Cadwallader was outlawed and exiled, and how the same painful disability had been visited upon the son—a son unborn when the act was committed which had brought the penalty upon him.

"I need say no more; but a true knight and honourable gentleman, who hath been with Edwin from his birth, will present the claims of the youth. He hath full permission from our noble peers to speak, so give him respectful hearing. This is the man—called Oswald."

And then Oswald, habited in a knightly garb, moved forward, and stood proudly erect upon the edge of the dais. Surely a more commanding presence had never appeared before the people. Of massive and well-proportioned frame; every limb grandly developed, and every feature stamped with the seal of manly beauty; his broad, full brow bearing, even to the most ignorant, token of strong and active intellect; while his tone and bearing plainly told that nature had made him for a captain.

Sigbert, when he had gazed long and earnestly upon the man, whose presence moved the multitude as no multitude had been moved in York for years, pulled Adelstane by the sleeve, and whispered convulsively into his ear:

"Adelstane, who is that man?"

"He is called Oswald, my lord. He was Cadwallader's friend, and hath been young Edwin's tutor."

"Ay," pursued the prince, quivering from head to foot, "but he is more than that. What else is he?"

"Indeed, my lord, I know not how to answer you."

"Adelstane, I swear to thee, that is the man who wore the white beard, and broke in upon our banquet!—the man who likened me to an evil spirit in the presence of my company!—the man who appeared and disappeared so mysteriously! What say you?"

"By the holy rood!" returned Adelstane, his face turning pale and red by turns, "he hath a look like that mysterious man, and his voice is very like."

"Ay—exactly like the voice that came up over our festive board that night. What is he?"

"Hark!" said Adelstane. "Hear what he says."

Oswald had commenced speaking, and the vast concourse of people was as still and silent as though each member thereof had been a statue. He recounted the principal events in the life of his pupil—told how good and pure he was—how brave and gallant—how deep and strong was his mind, and how he had mastered every species of science known in England—how he had ever sought to improve in body and spirit—how great was his prowess in the use of arms,—and finally he told the story of that dark, tempestuous night when Offa and his daughter had been saved. As he told this story, painting each scene with vivid power, the eager people sat in breathless wonder and admiration; but when he had concluded, a murmur arose upon the air, growing louder and louder, until a shout of praise filled the vast cathedral, shaking the massive walls to their very foundations.

Then Oswald told of the death scene of Anwick—of the coming of the king's ministers with the king's pardon for Cadwallader. And he took from his bosom a parchment roll, which he opened and exposed to the people.

"Here," he said, in tones that bore his words to the remotest corners of the place, "is the king's full and free pardon to Cadwallader, and by which that prince was restored to every right and privilege of his station by birth. But there came no pardon for Edwin. For the boy who had never done a wrong deed; who had never breathed a thought of evil to his king or to his country; but whose every wish and prayer was for that country's good,—for him there was no pardon! And why was this? My lords and gentlemen," he continued, glancing his eyes over the noble company upon the dais, "why was this? Is not the reason plain? The king fully believed that Cadwallader was dying—that he could never more stand in the way of his son Sigbert—so he risked nothing in restoring him to his ancient rights. But not so with the outlawed son. He was young and strong, and should he once gain the freedom of a prince of the realm, the people might refuse to own Sigbert for their king, especially since it would appear that Edwin was the rightful heir to the throne."

"It is false!" cried Sigbert, starting to his feet. But Adelstane and Ethelred pulled him back, and urged him to hold his tongue.

Oswald noticed not the interruption.

"But," said he, "the king was not unmindful of young Edwin's existence. He dared not pardon him; but I will tell you what he did dare."

And thereupon Oswald went on and told the story of Edwin's abduction—of his being taken away by the Danish chieftain, Tancred—of the doom to which the king had consigned him—of the preparations for the death,—and then of the wondrous agency of his mother's portrait, in snatching him from the very jaws of destruction.

"Ethelred is here. Ethelred was the king's agent to see that the Dane did his horrible work as he had promised. Let Ethelred speak, and say if I have not told you truly."

A thousand eager men stood upon their feet to gain sight of Ethelred, who sat pale and trembling by Sigbert's side.

"Stand up!" gasped the prince. "Stand up and swear 'tis all a lie!"

But Ethelred dared not do it. He bowed his head, and hid his face with his hands; and those who saw this, knew that remorse was making him weak and miserable.

Another murmur arose upon the air, this time swelling to a groan of agony, and anon to a howl of indignation and stern reproof.

A while the bold and stalwart knight gazed upon the throne before him in silence; and when next he spoke his voice was deep, strong, and of wondrous power.

"Men of Northumbria, would to heaven it were yours to give to Edwin of Anwick the rights which should be his. I ask you, one and all—I ask you, my lords and gentlemen—and you, my generous sons of toll—if Edwin were free to-day—if the royal edict were revoked, and he could stand before you untrammelled by exile, and untainted by outlawry, would you take him for your king?"

The answer that seemed by its volume to start the ponderous roof from its rest fell like a thunder-clap upon the son of Oswy; for it seemed as though every tongue had joined in the response, which gave the popular heart to the son of Cadwallader. He cowered a moment; and then, like a beast at bay, he started to his feet, and approached the edge of the platform.

"Men of York," he cried, "what mummery is this? Why will you let your hearts be turned away from your true prince? Why allow yourselves to

think of impossibilities? What are all these things to me? I have had no hand in them. Ask the archbishop—ask whom you please—can Edwin of Anwick be pardoned save by royal edict? My lord prelate, I ask you."

And the aged archbishop arose and made answer:

"Sigbert saith truly. Only the king can remove the edict by which Edwin is outlawed."

"And," pursued Sigbert, impetuously, "can the crown be placed upon the head of an outlawed man?"

The archbishop shook his head, and answered:

"No!"

Then spoke Sigbert farther still:

"By the law of the realm Edwin's life is forfeited. Say, my lord prelate, is it not so?"

"Edwin's life is forfeited by the royal edict!" replied Augustine.

"Men of York—my people of Northumbria," said Sigbert, growing bold as he saw the countenances of the vast audience falling in sorrow and sadness, "let it be mine to give back to the outlaw this time his life. When I am king I will overlook and pardon this offence."

And while the people sat in solemn silence, not seeming to respond to the speech of the prince, Oswald turned and addressed him thus:

"My lord, when you are king, will you not do more than you have promised? Behold young Edwin, now in the morning of life, his soul yearning for joys such as the humblest of your subjects may freely call their own. While the taint of outlawry is upon him he can never be happy; never taste the sweet comforts of home, nor bask in the warm light of domestic bliss; for never will he take a wife to share his sad and solemn exile. Say, my lord, will you set aside the edict of outlawry, and extend to him full and free enjoyment of his rights as a man and a citizen?"

Sigbert had marked the working of Norna's features, and he knew full well where Edwin's heart was fixed in its hopes of future joy and bliss; and in the bitterness of his jealous spirit he declared:

"Never! There's treason in his heart, and an outlaw he shall remain! Thank heaven that power is mine! In all Northumbria I am the only true heir to the throne, and I will not risk the peace of the realm by setting free a man who might, by the accident of birth, find ground for raising the banner of sedition and revolt. Men of Northumbria, for your good I take this stand!"

And still in solemn silence the vast throng gazed from stalwart knight to evil-fronted prince, and then upon the fair youth whose destiny was thus discussed. They acknowledged not the good which Sigbert professed to bestow upon them, but seemed rather to dwell upon, that fairer and more manly prince, as though to him they would look for the good they craved.

When it was found that the assembly would make no response to the speech of Oswy's son, save that of ominous silence, Oswald stretched forth his hand, and said:

"My lords and gentlemen, and you, my brothers of a common country, I pray you lend me your ears yet awhile longer. I have another story to tell; one that shall bring light to your hopes, and lift the burden from your wearied spirits."

His lip quivered, and a rich moisture gathered in his eyes. Even Sigbert was awed by the majesty of his look, and he shrank away to his seat, while the eager, waiting people bent their ears to listen.

(To be continued.)

TELEGRAPHY IN SWITZERLAND.—The reduction to half a franc for a telegraphic message in Switzerland has not proved a failure, as was anticipated by many persons. In January, 1867, the number of telegraphic despatches throughout the country was 50,513, against 86,461 for the same period in the present year. In January, 1867, 19,250 intimation despatches were sent, against 20,077 in January of the present year. Comparing the amounts received, it will be seen that the revenue has not been diminished in consequence of the reduction of tariff. In January, 1867, the receipts were 59,628*l.* 6*s.*, against 65,329*l.* 5*s.* during the same period this year.

That much-abused but valued purveyor of public wants, the milkman, is apparently subject to the imputation of "sky-blue" in Paris, as well as here. A Parisian dairymaid appears as plaintiff in a funny action against a Russian Princess, for milk supplied to the Princess's bath. We are not aware of the peculiar virtue imparted to the human body by bathing in milk, but it appears to be requisite that the milk should be of equal purity to the fair creature who may condescend to submit her charms to its embraces. What charming ideal! True

Parisian sentimentality! But, awful to relate, she bathed in impurity, that is to say, that the milk was impure, having been mixed with water. The dairymaid repudiates the imputation, alleging that he himself poured the milk into the bath whilst the Princess added the water. The milkman claims 20*l.*, but the important issue has not yet been decided.

THE DANGERS OF CORRESPONDENCE WITH ABYSSINIAN KINGS.

It is the fashion of Conservative journals to lay the blame of the Abyssinian war on the shoulders of Earl Russell, because he did not reply to a certain letter from King Theodore to the Queen of England. Lord Palmerston, it seems, did venture on this feat, and a Parliamentary blue-book tells the story of what followed:

The young King of Shoa, to whose father we had sent a mission on an extensive scale, despatched to Aden some elephants' tusks and rhinoceros' horns as a present for Her Majesty, with a complimentary letter, in which, however, he complained that the Queen had not sent to him on his accession, and asked Her Majesty to send him 1,500 *dols.*, or, if she had gold at hand, he would wish the same amount of gold, and also that Her Majesty would send him "persons who could make a crown and cannon and paint pictures and build palaces."

It fell to Lord Palmerston to answer the Royal letter. On behalf of the Queen he reciprocated congratulations and good wishes, and he sent 300 sovereigns, as desired, but added, with respect to the wish for the assistance of men skilled in the arts, "that the distance between England and Shoa was great, and a journey would occupy much time, and moreover, the workmen in the Queen's dominions, were at that time (1849) much employed; but that if any should be at liberty at any future time and willing to go to Shoa, the Queen would be very glad that any of her subjects should be of use to the King in any of the things which he mentioned."

The King of Shoa being at war and in the field, it was a long time before the letter and the sovereigns reached him; but in 1852 Captain Haines, political agent at Aden to the Government of India, was surprised by the arrival of a messenger bringing back the box of sovereigns, and bearing also a letter from the King. The King had been extremely angry when he found that only a small box was sent him, and said that Commander Harris brought his father presents that required 150 camels to carry them. Proceeding to open the box, the King tried one sovereign in the fire and cut another in two, "but could not make it out gold. It became brass. He had asked for red gold that would not turn to brass. He therefore sent back the box of brass coins." The King's messenger claimed 100 German crowns, as the King declined remunerating him; but Captain Haines also declined, as he had not employed him. The box of rejected sovereigns was sent back to England. The poor King's reign and life came to an end before long. Theodore, fighting his way to supreme power in Abyssinia, attacked and subdued Shoa; its ruler took refuge in the forests, and there sickened and died.

A STATUE of Charles II. is now placed in Westminster Hall, which completes the number of statues intended to be placed there for the present—viz., Charles I., Charles II., James I., William III., George IV., and William IV. The first of a series of cartoons is now placed between the statues, representing the Death of Richard III. and the Crowning of the Duke of Richmond.

ON the pinion feathers of the Cape Lory (*Turacus albocristatus*) are markings of a bright crimson colour, and they are popularly supposed to be stained with blood. They have been examined by Professor Church, of Cirencester, who found the colour but little soluble in water, though readily taken up by alkali, from which solution it is thrown down by the addition of an acid. In this red substance he established the presence of copper, though he failed to discover any traces of this metal in the other portions of the feather. He believes the copper to exist in combination with carbon, nitrogen, and sulphur, but from the small amount of material at his disposal has not yet succeeded in determining the composition of the organic compound. From each bird he obtained only a grain and a half of colouring matter at the cost of half a guinea. He did not detect the existence of copper in the red plumage of the humming bird.

ABYSSINIA.—The health of the troops continues to be very satisfactory. The few deaths that have taken place have resulted from dysentery, and there appears to be an impression that this disease and diarrhoea may become more prevalent during the

summer in the parts bordering on the Red Sea, and during the wet season on the highlands. The sanitary condition of the mountain pass, which was unsatisfactory from the presence of a number of dead mules and animals, is now very fair. A very good transport for sick and wounded has been devised, chandies having been constructed of McGwire's hammocks fastened to the poles of dhoolies. One field hospital is to be established at Senafé, and another is to be fixed at Antalo. The temperature in double tents during the day ranges from 90° to 93° F. We understand that about 200 non-effectives, composed of invalids and weakly men belonging to the army and navy, are to be transferred to this country.

OUR STAMP LAWS.—In a case tried at Guildhall a few days ago it became necessary to put in several letters as evidence of an agreement. But the officer of the court interfered, and pointed out that the letters ought to have had a stamp put upon them, and that the person producing them must pay a penalty of eleven pounds. This statement of the law turned out to be strictly according to the Common Law Procedure Act, 1854, so Mr. Justice Blackburn said that the maker of the agreement had been penny-wise and must now be pound foolish. We need hardly say that with this soundness of this decision in point of law, no fault can be found. But it is surely a happy measure for an unfortunate litigant to be mulcted in this fashion. Taxes must no doubt be raised in some manner, and when documents are nearly always in the same terms, such as bills of exchange and bills of lading, there is little hardship in requiring the stationer who sells the forms to put a stamp upon them. A law requiring that bills of exchange, with the form of which every merchant is familiar, shall bear a stamp is easily made known, and understood. But a law (some fifty years old by-the-by) which compels the parties to an agreement to stamp it is not nearly so intelligible. A layman may have been told over and over again that an agreement must be stamped, and yet we are very much mistaken if when he writes a letter acknowledging the receipt of "your esteemed favour," and accepting a proposal contained in it, he knows that he has made an agreement, and has the alternative of finding out what stamp he must put on the letter, whether a postage stamp, a receipt stamp, or a bill stamp, or on paying down eleven pounds should he go to law with his correspondent. If the observations of the Digest of Law Commissioners are well founded, that it is the duty of the State to "take care that its laws shall, so far as practicable, be exhibited in a form plain, compendious and accessible, and calculated to bring home actual knowledge of the law to the greatest possible number of persons," we can hardly conceive a case in which reform is more urgently needed than in our laws of inland revenue.

RED DOUGLASS.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"WHAT on earth is the meaning of this, mother?" asked Lady Mary, when, after the departure of her father, she found her mother engaged in packing trunks, as if for a journey.

"More, Mary, than you would do for the Red Douglass, much as I know you like him," responded the mother. "I would lose my life to save him."

"But your plan, mother. You are packing your trunks."

"Yes, Mary. Did you not hear me questioning the captain of the schooner, about her speed and ability to make a long voyage?"

"Yes, mother, and heard him say that she had been an English nobleman's yacht, built purposely for speed and ocean cruising."

"Well, child; I am going to start for England in her before this day's sun sets, if the captain, with the abundant means I have given him, can get her provisioned and watered by that time."

"Mother, you cannot mean it!"

"I can and do, child! The Red Douglass, brave and powerful as he is, cannot long withstand the heavy force the government can send after him. I am going to anticipate the time when I feel that, if he lives, he will be helpless and in the power, perhaps, of your father. I am going to England to get for him a free pardon for the past and the present. I know that I can do it. I have money, I have rank, I have friends! I can use all for him, and I will not rest until I get papers that would rescue him from the hands of the executioner, were he upon the scaffold. Will you go with me, Mary?"

"No, mother. I may aid him here—I could not there."

"But you will keep my secret? For no one will know whether I am going, or for what purpose, but yourself."

"Yes, mother, I will keep your secret, and hope for your success," replied the Lady Mary. "But what shall I say to my father on his return?"

"That you think I am out of my mind. I have disappeared, you know not where. See how he takes that. I do not think there is much love lost between us!"

And the lady laughed, as she went on with her packing.

At this moment the captain of the schooner was announced.

"Well, sir, can you be ready by sunset?" asked the lady.

"No, madam; but by midnight we can. And if I understand your ladyship's wishes to leave the port secretly, we can then drop out with the first of the ebb tide, and be out of sight of land long before daylight."

"That is the very idea. Do you want more money?"

"No, your ladyship. I have more than enough. Will there be any passengers beside your ladyship?"

"Only two, my maid and a man servant. See that you lack for nothing in the way of stores."

"I will, madam."

"And that in sails, spars and courage you are well supplied, should we lose anything in a gale?"

"Yes, madam. Anything more?"

"No, I shall leave all to you."

"Very well, your ladyship, all shall be right. But do not forget to be at the end of the long pier at a quarter before midnight. I shall be there in a boat to take you off. I will send men for your luggage after dark."

"All right, captain. Be secret and prompt, and it will be the best-paid voyage that you ever made."

"I have no fears, madam; as to the result; I will try to merit your generous consideration."

And the captain withdrew.

"This looks well, does it not?" said Lady Eleanor, with a triumphant look and tone to her daughter after the seaman went away.

"Yes, and I hope it will end as fairly as it begins," said Lady Mary. "It is certainly a bold thing to undertake this long voyage alone, or comparatively so! My father will storm when he finds you gone, but if he knew where and for what purpose you had gone, he would be utterly beside himself."

"Then he couldn't be in worse company!" said the lady, catching at the double meaning of the expression. "I wonder if he knows where to find the Red Douglass."

"Yes, I told him, mother."

"Girl, are you mad or heartless, which?"

"Neither, mother; but my father may think so when he finds on looking, four or five days' journey from where we left the chief, that he is not there or anywhere near there. I doubt his finding him in the next month or two."

CHAPTER XXIX.

For nearly three weary weeks, from point to point, continually led on by reports of the close vicinity of the Red Douglass, Sir Henry de Mortimer and his force traversed the wilds of the Black Forest. At one time in a hot and sterile desert—at another hemmed in among mountains, almost impassable to horses; at another in thickets so close they could hardly cut their way along. Yet though robbers, or men supposed to be such, were seen and chased, not one was captured, not one slain. The Red Douglass was everywhere but where they could find him. They heard of him often—robberies were frequent, yet the governor and his party were almost worn out in a vain search for him.

At last, one day, the governor came to a place which he recognised. It was the foot of the mountain pass which led to the cavern where he had been kept as prisoner; and, while standing at the foot of it, he saw that a flag, was flying at the top of the mountain, and he knew well how admirably the place was calculated for defence, he came to the conclusion that there the Red Douglass was ready to meet and fight him.

Calling his often disappointed followers about him, the governor made quite a spirited harangue.

"My brave men," said he, "on yonder mountain top we shall find the miscreant who has so long evaded our pursuit. Had he courage, it is a position which he might well defend, but the very fact of his continually avoiding us proves that he is a coward, and his men fit for robbers, but for nothing else. We will scale this mountain boldly, certain of at least meeting something to use our weapons upon."

The governor then selected an advance guard in which both Warner, or John Smith, was a volunteer, and holding the rest at short distance in the rear, as a reserve, he ordered the advance.

Up they slowly moved along the difficult and nar-

row path, the governor taking care to keep full a musket shot in the rear of the advance guard, for he was, to call it by its mildest term, prudent in the exposure of himself to danger.

Before John Smith started up the perilous path he took a long and close observation with a spy-glass. What he saw he did not confide to any one, but closing his glass, he put it in one of his huge pockets, and then, tying a red cotton handkerchief about his head in place of his cap, which he said was too heavy, he led the way boldly in advance.

As the van neared the top of the mountain without receiving a shot, the governor expressed surprise.

"The villains must intend to submit without resistance!" said the governor, as he moved cautiously on. "Or perhaps they have laid some trap up there to surprise us with. I hope that crazy man will be careful. That is a black flag flying from the mountain-top. It means the defiance of desperation. Those who raise it neither give nor expect quarter. That suits me. For I am determined to exterminate these wretches!"

By this time the head of the slender column was at the top of the mountain, and still no firing or sound of strife reached the ears of the governor.

Surprised, he hurried out; and soon, with all his force around him, he stood on the summit, where the black flag waved suddenly over an object which his people were regarding with horror.

A single glance told him what it was. Beneath the flag, fastened on a post, was the head of Mazzolini, recognizable by the long curling hair and the thick, matted beard.

Beneath it in crimson letters were these words: "Thus the Red Douglass serves traitors!"

While the governor was glancing at this repulsive sight an exclamation from John Smith, who was looking at the pass below through his spy-glass, attracted his attention.

"We are in a trap! Caught like rats at the mercy of them that has caught us!"

"Nan, what do you see now?" asked the governor, quickly.

"Why, gov'nor, I see the straight and narrow path up which we have travelled blocked up in a way which will bother us if we try to take the back track. There's a whole lot of men down there with muskets and bayonets too. And that isn't the worst neither. They've got a brass cannon on wheels, and it is pointing right up the path we've come."

"The infernal wretches!" muttered the governor. "But there is a passage down the other side of the mountain, isn't there?"

"Yes, and down there the road is blocked with men, and a cannon too. I tell you what, gov'nor, we're in trouble now!"

"We must charge down and rout them at all hazards!" cried the governor.

"Exactly so," said Mr. Smith, with a strange look. "I charged up the hill, gov'nor, suppose you charge down! They can pick us off at long range or at short shot. The man who wants to eat lead for supper, and take eternity to digest it in, had better lead a charge down there."

"It is too bad! How could we be so entrapped?" cried the governor.

"By main strength on one side and stupidity on the other," said Smith. "But look, gov'nor, they seem to be willing to give us some sort of a chance. They are sending a man a little way up the pass with a white flag."

"Ay, they think they have us at an advantage now, and can make favourable terms. Will you go and meet the flag-bearer, Mr. Smith?"

"Wall, gov'nor, just out o' love for you, I will, but I'm afraid I can't make much out o' the job. What shall I say to the man?"

"Tell him if the Red Douglass asks terms, that I will be satisfied to let all but him go to Botany Bay, to serve out their original terms of sentence. But for the Red Douglass I have nothing to offer but a long rope and a short shrift."

"That'll tickle him, I should think!" said Smith, with a chuckle. "Exceptions are honourable, they say, but that would be an exception I shouldn't like over and above, if I were he. But I'll go and see what's up, gov'nor. Just lend me a white handkerchief, if you please; mine is red, and won't do for a flag."

The governor watched the meeting of his messenger and the flag-bearer anxiously. He saw the latter hand the former a paper, with which he returned immediately to the top of the mountain. It was a package addressed to Sir Henry de Mortimer, Governor of Australia.

The governor hastily tore it open, and reading a letter which was addressed to him, he burst out in a fit of violent anger:

"The infamous robber proposes terms to us!" he cried. "He says we are hemmed in and cannot es-

cape, and have only provisions enough to last us a couple of days. And in mercy, for the purpose of saving bloodshed, he says if we will lay down our arms, and give our parole not to attack him in six months, again, he will allow us to return in safety to the settlements. What do you think of that, sir?" he added, turning suddenly to Mr. Smith.

"As a whole or a part, gov'nor?"

"As a whole, man, as a whole."

"Well, gov'nor, he tells two truths, for a beginning. First, he says he has got us hemmed in. That is a melancholy truth. Next, about the provisions. He is right there. We'll be a hungry set three days from now if we stay up here. As to the terms, like castor oil or opium salts, they're hard to swallow, but I don't think they'll be harder yet, and twice as fatal."

"Then do you think we cannot fight our way through?"

"We could fight it through the gap between time and eternity, but I doubt if we could ever run the blockade down there."

"Heavens! Submitting to the terms of a robber and an outlaw? A free-born Englishman do that? No, never! Better die in our harness than submit like cowards! Who will lead the column down? A hundred pounds in gold to the man who volunteers for the duty."

It was strange, but the governor found no one willing to face certain death for that sum. Lead was the most powerful metal in that crowd.

"Did you give my message to the man?" asked the governor of Mr. Smith.

"No, gov'nor, because he told me he had come to offer, and not to ask for terms! He said every way by which we could get up or down was guarded, and his chief could lay there and see us starve if he wanted to do so, or cut us up by the dozen, if we tried to get away."

"The wretch! He shall see what an Englishman is made of!" cried the governor. "Fall in, the column! I will lead the way down, sword in hand! Fall in and follow me!"

The governor, for a few hundred yards, marched down at the head of his men in the most undaunted manner. But suddenly a jet of smoke was seen far below, and a shell a moment after fell directly in the narrow path a few yards below him, and exploded.

The governor incontinently halted.

"They have our range perfectly!" he groaned. "It is madness to walk right into death. My men, I know you are brave, but I will not sacrifice you. Smith, you may go forward with a flag, and send word to the wretch that we will accept his terms, because the advantages are all on his side."

CHAPTER XXX.

AFTER the gale which burst so fiercely upon the lugger had set in steadily, Græme was able to set the least of his storm staysails, and it drove her swiftly and buoyantly over the great sweeping waves, making it easy for the helmsman to hold her before it. Relieved much oftener than in easy weather, the seamen stood watchfully at the wheel, while on duty, and as the craft was in every way ready for the blow, she weathered it out beautifully.

To all hands, it was a joy to know that she was not driving a single point from her course, though she was making such speed, and Jeannie Douglass, timid woman as she was, would have been glad to see it blow even harder, for she knew that every hour was lessening the distance between her and her husband.

But when for four days and nights the gale had been thus driving the swift craft madly along, no signs of its cessation yet appearing, Walt Græme began to feel worried and anxious. His visits to the forward cabin, where he could look over his charts of the great Southern Ocean, were frequent, and his hours for taking rest changed entirely. He never closed his eyes at night, and when he left the deck during the daytime, his orders were for a strict, sharp look-out below and aloft, and if there were the least change in the colour of the water alongside, it was to be reported to him instantly.

The morning of the fifth day of the gale dawned, and Tom Hammond, who came on deck fresh and rosy as a dew-laden moss-rose—for he had slept like an old sea-dog, saw, by the pale face and heavy eyes of Græme, that he had passed another long night of ceaseless, care-worn vigil.

"Wait, you are killing yourself," said Tom Hammond, as he noticed his white, troubled face. "You look like a ghost."

"Better one ghost than all hands," said Walt, in a hollow voice. "You, Tom, don't know what an unknown lie-shore is in such a blow as this. If I were off the Scotch, English, Irish, or even the French coast, where I know every creek and bay that makes a harbour, I wouldn't care; but I tell you what I

want no one else to know before I can help it. We are over the latitude where we ought to see land, and for the last ten hours I have dreamed every instant the hearing of our forward look-out, shouting:

"Breakers ahead!"

"And, with this gale, we could make no sail to claw off the land, and the Lord have mercy on us if we do see it before the gale breaks! You see last night I even took in our close-reefed fore storm stay-sail. All night we have been under bare spars, and I have walked the deck, listening for the roar of the surf among the rocks."

"Remember the angel we have aboard!" said Tom Hammond. "I believe in angels that wear petticoats, and bad luck will not come while she is with us."

"I do think of that angel," said Walt; "and I think how hard it would be, after she has so bravely shared our perils and hardships during all this long, weary voyage, how cruel it would be for her to perish now, when, perhaps, we are not twenty, maybe not even ten leagues away from the husband she has dared everything to meet. There—there it is! Now, heaven help us!"

"Land, ho!" was the ringing shout from the look-out forward, which caused the last remark of the true-hearted captain.

"Where away?" he cried, as he sprang forward. "There, sir—dead ahead! There must have been a fog lying over the water, or we'd have seen it before."

And the man pointed to a long, black mass, not only ahead, but ranging far away on either bow, showing that it was close aboard.

Græme looked over the side. The dark blue of the water told him that it was hopeless to dream even of soundings which an anchor could reach.

"Get out every spar aft here, with a kedge, and the best hawser," he cried, in a voice as calm and steady as if peril were far away, instead of so near. "A good drag astern will check our way a great deal."

The men sprang to do his bidding, and in fifteen or twenty minutes booms and topmasts in a huge bundle, with heavy weights lashed to them to sink them as low in the water as possible, were dragging astern at the end of a hundred fathoms of stout hawser.

This checked the way of the vessel greatly, and well it was: that it did, for now a rocky range of cliffs, hundreds of feet high, and unbroken by the least sign of a bay or harbour, was scarce a league in front of the lugger. And towards it still the vessel slowly hove on the great insweeping waves.

And now, Jeannie Douglass, her sweet young face beaming with joyous light, came on deck.

"Did I hear aright?" she asked. "Is land—is Australia in sight?"

"It is, dear lady—it is!" said the captain, trying to speak cheerfully, though his heart was as heavy as lead.

"Oh, thank heaven! I shall soon, soon see him again!"

And the little woman hurried to tell old Margery what, to her, seemed such glad news.

"Oh, I hope she will live to see him!" said Græme, with a sigh. "But poor is the chance, if the wind does not fall. Every minute we are drifting in towards those awful cliffs. A vessel which touches them will be ground into splinters, before the dying shrieks of the crew are echoed back from their hollow caverns! It is terrible—it is terrible, after such a voyage, to meet death and destruction!"

"Oh, don't say die yet!" said cheerful Tom Hammond. "Up with your flag, Walt! Let the thistle be seen by friend or foe on the shore, if human eye be there to look upon us!"

"Human eyes among such black and ragged rocks as those are scarce, I fear," said Græme, moodily. "They will do for the birds to sharpen their bills on, that will pick the flesh from the bones of them that are thrown out of the way of the sharks. But I'll run up the flag to please you, Tom, just as the sheriff does everything that a poor fellow wants done, excepting to let him loose just before he is going to hang him."

And soon the red banner of the Douglass, with a thistle above two crossed swords, swung from the peak of the lugger, fluttering out brightly in the wind.

CHAPTER XXXI.

SOME men would have died with arms in their hands, before they would have submitted to the humiliating conditions which Sir Henry de Mortimer accepted at the hands of him whom he had sworn to hunt down and destroy.

But life was precious to that individual, and to hunger he was far from indifferent. Besides he made up his mind, on hearing the conditions by which he and his followers could return to Melbourne, that any promise made to an outlaw was of

no account, and he intended, though he knew he must lose all arms and munitions then with him at once, to organize, on his return, even a more formidable expedition than his first.

He felt satisfied that he had been on a wrong scent, through all his recent wanderings in search of the Red Douglass, and that he really was to be found in force near the sea, in the southern part of the island.

As there were several men-of-war always at or near Melbourne, he meant to put them in connection with land forces, and in spite of his past bad fortune to make another stupendous effort to arrest the outlaw and to destroy his followers.

But all this he kept locked in his own breast, and when, after he and his men had laid down their last weapon, they marched past the line where the brigand chief stood at the head of his men, he returned the grave but courteous salute of the former with apparent ease and courtesy. But there was intense hate burning in his breast even then, which not even the blood of his enemy could have quenched.

The governor and his men moved on, and furnished by the kindness of the Red Douglass with a guide who knew the nearest and easiest route thither, they only made two halts before they reached the frontier settlements of the colony.

And here Sir Henry committed his first act of perfidy. Instead of dismissing his guide he ordered him to be seized and bound, and the man was carried a prisoner to Melbourne.

And there, confined in a lonesome dungeon, and loaded with chains, the man was given his choice to reveal the real stronghold of the Red Douglass and its approaches, or to suffer the torture of the lash as long as it could be borne with life.

The man for a time was true to his chief, but the lash and starvation were more than he could endure, and at last he promised to inform the governor all that he knew.

The governor, either believing, or pretending to believe, that his wife had fled back to the Red Douglass, made that another excuse for breaking his own parole, and absolving his men from the parole given when the chief had them in his power.

But volunteers were slow now in coming in. The military success (?) of the governor had not given his people any great encouragement as to his future deeds, while thus far the acts of the Red Douglass had proved him to be possessed not only of great ability, but to have for followers men who could do and dare all that he had ordered.

Weeks passed and at last, at great expense, the governor, with every available man in the colony, was ready one and all to take the field. Three men-of-war, two sailing vessels, and one steamer, were to skirt the Southern coast, and to operate according to a pre-arranged code of signals, and with them went transports with provisions.

Though forced to promise the governor guidance, the prisoner had never betrayed Seth Warner, who with some of his men still kept up a surveillance of all the acts and preparations of the governor.

One there was in his household, who, since the first words exchanged with Seth on the day of her return to Melbourne, had on every opportunity kept him acquainted with all that she knew. It was, of course, the Lady Mary. She did not let Seth know where, or for what purpose, her mother had gone, but she did let him know that there was no one in whom she felt so much interest as she did in the Red Douglass.

At last the governor was ready, and with double his former display he marched out of the city, swearing again never to return without the Red Douglass, dead or alive, and his band utterly annihilated.

The men-of-war were ready to sail as soon as the ebb tide made out of Hobson's Bay at the mouth of the Yarra, where they were staying. The governor, however, did not hurry them off, because he expected to be some days in reaching the point where their co-operation would be needed.

When the ebb tide made, however, there was something which had not been counted upon, to prevent the ships from getting to sea. A sudden and heavy gale sprang up, blowing right into the harbour, and the commanders of the ships did not care to risk their vessels off a rock-bound coast, while they could lay securely at anchor in a safe port.

Therefore they lay and waited for a change of weather, while the governor with his motley forces moved on towards the Black Forest.

CHAPTER XXXII.

AFTER the Red Douglass had returned to his headquarters, quite as much amused as gratified by the bloodless discomfiture of the governor, he permitted his depredating squads to resume their operations, while he, to kill the time which hung heavily on his hands, amused himself by hunting and fishing, as he



[THE STRANGE SAIL.]

had done of yore on the broad highland estates which were once his own by inheritance and by right. For though he was openly the chief of a band of robbers, though lawless men went and came at his bidding and beck, he never did or would, in person, join in their lawless acts, excepting only the occasion when he had ambushed the governor and his party at first.

These sporting trips were not only full of adventurous excitement, but they gave him leisure to think of the dear one he had left behind him.

Little did he dream while wrapped in sad reveries of her, that she was speeding upon the tireless wings of affection towards him—that each passing hour was bringing her nearer and nearer to his side. Had he known this, he would have watched each passing cloud eagerly, he would have noted the variations of every wind, and when the roar of the aroused ocean tumbling its great waves against the cliffs outside reached his ears, he would have trembled lest she might be in the fearful peril from which he and his followers had once so narrowly escaped.

The poet who wrote the sentence—"Ignorance is bliss"—never uttered so much truth before or after in so small a compass. But three little words, yet a volume embraced therein.

The chief had returned from a hunting trip far inland, where the wild cattle of the island had been his game, successful as usual, to find that for some days a terrible blow had been sweeping the ocean outside, so that his boats had not ventured beyond the bay.

This was neither new nor amazing to him. But annoying news did come. It was hardly to be credited, but the failure of the guide's returning, whom he had in misplaced generosity sent to show the governor and his party the nearest route to the settlements, proved it.

He had for a long time supposed that the guide, having concluded his errand, had joined one or other of the depredating bands, and had not therefore troubled his mind about him.

But a messenger came from Seth Warner to tell him that not only had his guide been seized and held captive, but cruelly tortured to make him recant to his chief and comrades, and yet farther that, ignoring all principle of truth and honour, the governor had not only broken his own parole, but commanded all under him to do it. And that he was raising, by every means at his command, a large force to again hunt him down.

"Now, by the true and proud name of my highland clan, I will punish the wretch for his infamous lack of gratitude and principle," cried the Red Douglass, when all this was told him. "Twice has his worth-

less life been in my power—twice have I spared him. Let him beware of the third time. There is a time when mercy is injustice, and he will learn it to his sorrow."

After the first flashes of his anger had grown into a steady flame of indignation, the chief carefully questioned the messenger about the preparations which the governor had made and was making for his new expedition, and how far it was likely the captive guide could be forced into a betrayal of what he knew about the post of his chief and its defences.

Suddenly, while this questioning was going on, one of the station look-outs came hurriedly to the chief to tell him that a strange vessel was drifting bodily in towards the rocks, and that her doom seemed awfully certain.

"What is her fate to us?" said the chief, coldly. "We are friendless outcasts—all men are our foes. Those to whom we have been kind, base ingrates that they are, are again striving to destroy us. Let their vessel be wrecked. Why should we care? Let them perish!"

"But this vessel, noble chief, bears the flag of your home-clan at her mast-head. The thistle and crossed claymores on a red ground."

"Ha! The flag of the Douglasses? If this be not some new treachery, it is a vessel with news from home. But how would a home-craft know where to seek me?"

"It may be chance, noble chief, that is driving her hither."

"We must see to it," said the chief, hastily.

And snatching a spy-glass from the table near him, he hurried to the look-out station to judge for himself who and what the stranger might be. For little did he dream that on board of that imperilled, that almost surely doomed vessel, was the noble heart that beat for him, and for him only.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

It is a long way back, but thither we must travel to keep the record of our "o'er true tale."

When Donald Douglass and those who were able retreated from the sudden onslaught of the bold smugglers in old Margery's cottage, they fell back upon a strong reserve of officers whom they had left but a short distance back.

Rallying upon these men, Donald Douglass insisted upon renewing the attempt to recapture Hammond, and also to take the smugglers who had dared to prevent the arrest and resist the officers.

Of course the officers were ready for this. As

Donald knew nothing about the old ruins, or the subterranean passage thence to the sea, he could not take measures to cut off their retreat.

Indeed neither he nor the officers knew that they had retreated, until on surrounding, and afterwards with great caution entering the cottage, they found it deserted by all its late inmates, male and female, excepting only the fallen constables.

"To the sea-side! To the sea-side with me at once!" cried Donald Douglass. "Or the smugglers will get off with Hammond and the women in their boats, or vessel, if they have one there!"

And leading the way over the rugged hills and through a short distance of harsh, scrubby thicket, he soon stood with his party on the edge of a cliff which overhung the little bay from which the lugger was prepared to move out.

"There they are!" he shouted. "There they are! They must not escape us!"

"But how are we to get at them? I see no path down this steep rock!" said the leading officer.

"There must be one here somewhere—the one they came and went by!" said Donald Douglass, looking around in every direction for some place where a descent could be made.

"Yes, if it could be found," said the constables.

"But we can do nothing now—see, they are raising sail, and will soon be far at sea, beyond our reach."

"Not beyond the reach of the government cutters, though!" said Donald, bitterly. "I will have a dozen of them on their track."

At that instant the ground began to shake and the rocks to heave and crack beneath their feet, and a deep, heavy sound, like a burst of thunder, came up from under the very earth under them.

"Heavens! An earthquake! An earthquake!" cried all.

"It smells more like powder!" cried one, who had been thrown down near a large fissure in the rocks, as he scrambled to his feet.

"Powder or sulphur, I'm not going to stay here," cried another. "There may be more of it."

And he hurried away, followed by the rest, Donald Douglass being no more inclined to remain than the others. But as he went he cast his glance seaward, and saw, to his angry mortification, that the lugger was already standing swiftly out to sea, and that his intended victims had, for the time, escaped him.

"A thousand curses follow them. Did I not hope to have them yet in my power, I would pray that the sea might overwhelm them!"

Little would curses or prayers avail when uttered by such a man as Donald Douglass.

(To be continued.)



[THE MURDERED DISCOVERED.]

HONYCHURCH ROOKERY.

CHAPTER I.

THE great, round moon rode full and high in the clear blue of the sky, flooding the entranced earth with its wondrous light. Like a silver mirror lay the lakelet, scarce a ripple astir. Dark sweep of wood and broad stretch of pasture land, each mapped out in its own distinctness, were silent and peaceful. Across the lake rose the dark heights of hill, which were almost mountains, girding the horizon, and in the opening before them shone a golden speck of triple lights from the windows of Lakeville, as it was known in the neighbourhood, a fine country-seat belonging to Miss Serena Anderson. The trees behind the house hid all signs of the town, which nestled below the rise of ground on which the mansion stood in a sunny, green valley. Only this feeble shimmer from the windows gave sign of human vicinity to the lake, for though on the bank opposite them stood a small rough building, no light or sound betrayed hint of its occupation.

Through the sounds of insect life, and murmuring frog notes, came steadily a faint, muffled noise, as of blows. Two woodmen were taking advantage of the moonlight, and loading up for an early start in the morning. Two honest, hard-working, simple-minded men, who found it perplexing enough to make both ends meet at the close of the year, and keep wife and children in decent comfort, without troubling their brains with any deeper problem.

They worked silently, not by any means because thrilled by the subtle, solemn spell of that glorious moonlight, but because they were tired with their long day's fatigue, and had long ago worked off the effervescence of their morning spirits.

Neatly and deftly then, they transferred the clean, white pine sticks from the great pile to their carts, and only paused, now and then, to wipe off the drops of perspiration, nor disturbed the tender hush of nature by their discordant speech.

But that hush was broken more sharply than by cry of bird or insect. Wild, hoarse, in the shrieking voice of deadly extremity, suddenly rang out that cry:

"Murder! murder! Help, help!"

Nat Wilson dropped the stick he held, and faced about.

"Did you hear that, John?"

John Briggs had heard. His teeth were chattering, as with the ague.

"What shall we do? What shall we do?"

Nat Wilson stood with his head bent aside, listening with all his faculties. Nothing more; no sound of crackling bush or dry limb, no rush of hasty steps.

"Let's go home, Nat," said his companion, feebly. "I'm going to find out where that noise comes from," retorts Nat, sturdily. "Hark!"

What was it? A falling stone in the distance, or the muffled report of fire-arms? Neither could be sure, and in a moment more the faint echo died out.

"It's in the old hermit's cottage, John. There's trouble of some sort there. Come along, if you're a man, and see what fellow-creature needs our help."

In no wise willing, but desperately afraid to be left alone, Briggs, who was an arrant coward, seized a stick in his turn, and crept along behind his companion.

Nat Wilson dashed ahead, with great, powerful strides, but kept to the open spaces, and did not take the shorter path which led through the high bushes and undergrowth. He gained the door of the cottage, which stood on the bank of the lakelet, opposite the lights twinkling across the water from Miss Anderson's stately mansion. It was open, and a broad rift of moonlight made a silver track across the roughly boarded floor. Over that glistening path what had come hither, and whither had it passed away?

Even fearless Wilson hesitated on that threshold.

The moonlight crossed the floor, and stopped at the foot of a narrow bench, rather than bed; but there was a fall of drapery over it, and a dark, stirless length stretched upon it. The light through the open door, and two little squares of window glass, showed the rest of the room with its two roughly-fashioned chairs, its narrow table and tiny fireplace, in which one or two red coals still blinked through the gray ashes. The quiet and silence somehow reassured the explorers.

"Halloo, friend, did you call for help just now?" demanded Nat Wilson.

No answer, but the same utter stillness, and apparent peaceful quiet.

Wilson strode forward, and laid his hand rather roughly on the speechless form. He drew it back with a great shudder.

"By heavens, Briggs! here's foul play! Strike a match, in the name of mercy! If you haven't one in your pocket, there might be some on the shelf there."

But Briggs had found his pipe and box of matches, notwithstanding his terrible fright. He struck it with desperate haste.

"There's a candle on the table. Here, let me have the matches. Mercy! it is as I thought! a murder."

"Then the murderer must be close by," gasped John Briggs, his teeth chattering, and his coarse hair standing on end.

Wilson did not answer. He had lifted the wick of the candle, and as it blazed up steadily, he took it and carried it over to the bench.

A ghastly, horrible sight met their terrified eyes. There lay the wretched man.

Even stout-hearted Nat Wilson recoiled, and, hastily setting down the candle, retreated to the door. But it was not for flight, only to get a breath of fresh air, to take away the giddiness produced by that sickening sight.

"Briggs," said he, hoarsely, "we must get the villagers here as quickly as we can. Whoever has done this is not far away. Plenty of hands could soon hunt up the murderer."

"—ah! How do you know but he is here, this very minute?" whispered Briggs, in a perfect panic of terror, his knees shaking, and his eyes rolling around the room.

"We'll soon decide that!" answered his companion, clutching his club more savagely, and he walked around the room, opening the closet door, and peering into every possible hiding-place, but without avail.

Then he came back to the rude couch, and closely examined the wound.

"He hasn't been dead many minutes, if he be really dead now. Run down to the village and rouse up the folks, Briggs. Don't be saving of your legs, either."

"No, no! I never'd dare to do it. How do I know who is hiding in the bushes?"

"Stay here, then, and I'll go myself. I'd have proposed that first, only I thought you'd have liked the other better."

"No, indeed I won't. It isn't safe for either of us to be alone. Do you want another murder?"

"I ain't so sure the poor creature is dead, that's all. Only see how warm his flesh is!"

But Briggs only cast a shuddering glance towards the bed.

"Come along, Nat Wilson; the quicker we get away, the quicker there'll be help for him. It's past nine o'clock, and all the folks will be in bed."

Wilson reluctantly yielded. They left the candle burning, closed the door carefully, and went hurrying down to their teams. The patient horses were standing cropping lazily at the grass of the turf beneath them.

"Never mind the carts now," said Wilson, in the

short, stern tones of command, as he unhooked the traces, and leaped on his horse's back.

And down the road, making a drowsy stir of bird and insect, they went canteering towards the village. An hour afterwards, the peaceful retirement of the scene was broken up by trampling feet and eager voices, and glimmering lanterns; group after group were hurrying along, stumbling over stones and sticks lying in the rude pathway, until the little room of the cottage was filled to overflowing.

Grave and dignified, the magistrate, Squire James, glanced around upon the row of startled, horrified faces.

"This is a foul deed, good friends and neighbours," says he, "let us, if possible, bring its dastardly perpetrator to justice. Search all around thoroughly, in the woods and the pastures adjoining. In the morning all the highways shall be followed up."

"Does any one know of any ill-will borne to the dead man yonder?" asked the coroner.

No one could tell a single instance. One and all had known him as a strange, peculiar man; regarding his hermit-like habits, some with simple curiosity, and others with compassionate sympathy.

He had so thoroughly avoided all acquaintance, it was scarcely likely he could have made friend or foe in the town during the ten months that he had occupied the cottage.

There was nothing among the shapely relics left behind to throw any light upon the matter. The doctor, who had been carefully and thoroughly examining the corpse, gave his opinion that the man had died instantaneously from a ball through the brain, fired from a pistol in the hands of unknown parties.

The scouting parties, who had been out with lanterns, beating down the path to the nearest highway, and searching the bushes, came back, one by one, with no message reports. No trace of the murderer, no slightest clue. Only for the testimony of Wilson and Briggs, and the absence of any weapon, the coroner, and all the neighbourhood, had been ready to believe the man died by his own hand. One by one the villagers came and stood over the ghastly figure. Few of them had seen the hermit near enough to be able to recognize his features. But they were so disfigured now, that Mat Wing, the shop-keeper, who had had the most intimate dealings with him, declared that he should never have believed it to be the same man.

It was nearly morning before the cottage was free from its crowd of visitors. The villagers returned home to wonder and marvel. The Hermit of the Lake, who had been before a vague object of romantic interest, had now become the hero of a mysterious and terrible tragedy.

It was but a feeble link the morning light brought to them. The sharp-eyed coroner found a shred of black silk caught in a splinter of the rude board doorway, and down by the bank of the lake, along the narrow strip of damp earth, was still the plain impression of a foot, slender and narrow, a woman's foot unquestionably.

There had been plenty of women at the cottage during the excitement of the previous evening, but it was very soon ascertained that there were none in silk. And this was all the evidence obtained to convict the unknown murderer. The body was buried. A simple inscription told that an unknown hermit, whose very name could not be given, the victim of some foul assassin, slept there.

This cross, rising white and bold against a dark background, became a remarkable object in the landscape. You could see it, whichever route you took across the lake, and from either of the lofty hills lying beyond. The servants said likewise that it was distinctly visible from the mansion at Lakeville, and that, when the mists hung between, it looked like a ghost, and seemed to be waving weird signs in threat or warning. And slowly the days slipped on into weeks, and weeks into months, and the excitement, for want of any material to feed upon, died out from the town. Not that it was forgotten, but it was no longer dwelt upon as a close and absorbing theme for consultation. The town had offered a moderate reward for the detection of the unknown murderer or murderers, but without the faintest expectation of its ever being called for. Austin Bradley, the coroner, however, wrote down in his private journal an elaborate description of the whole affair. This was written the second day after the murder. Something like ten days afterwards, he took down the same book, and entered beneath it these brief jottings:

"June 28th, 186—. The night of the murder, Amy Atherton came home late in the evening, evidently flurried and disturbed; a corner of her black silk apron torn, and a shred missing."

"On the same evening, June 28th, 186—, Charlie Creyton, the young cabinet-maker, was absent those same hours of the murder, and cautious inquiry proves

that he was nowhere in the village, at any shop or dwelling-house. But one of the apprentices in the shop remembered his look of vexation and confusion, as he discovered a spray of oak caught in the button of his coat on the following morning, from which one would infer that he had been hurrying through tangled underbrush during the previous evening. It is noticeable that he was not among those who visited the hermit's cottage during the night, but manifested no great surprise when told of the tragedy, as he went to his shop the next morning."

"It is also beyond question that a boat crossed the lake that evening. The same slender footmarks were to be seen in the damp mould of the landing-place at Riverville, and the bottom of one of the skiffs was marked by tracks of similar delicate proportions, made by a small foot which had been walking over some wet, marshy ground. I found, likewise, on the bush, some distance below the cottage by the lake bank, a shred of cambric embroidery, torn from the bottom of a woman's petticoat, I should judge. And two days afterwards, half buried in the mud, I discovered five gold pieces perfectly bright and new, and of this very year's coinage. All of these evidences are carefully secured, and I keep my own counsel."

"(Later). The hermit drew a large sum in gold at Worcester bank. I have indubitable proof."

CHAPTER II.

MISS ANDERSON was the great lady of Cranstown, but Amy Atherton was the belle. A graceful, willowy creature, with clear, hazel eyes, glossy brown hair, and lips like the coral branch in vivid red, while the cheeks wore only the delicate pink which flushes the dainty petals of the sweet pea-blossom. She lived in a pretty cottage in the main street of the village, and was the only child of people certainly not in affluent circumstances, but she managed to keep up a genteel appearance and move in good society. Her father was the cashier of the town bank, and had held the office for many years, and settled himself as securely in the position as if he had obtained a life lease of it.

Moreover, Amy had expectations. Edward Livingstone—the late owner of Lakeville, and step-brother to Miss Anderson—an old bachelor of peculiar temperament and character, had taken a fancy to the sweet-faced, merry-voiced little Amy, and in his will, that will which devised his vast estate to the life use of his step-sister, bequeathed, in case the said step-sister died unmarried, or having married, left no issue from the said union, the whole great fortune to Amy, daughter of Graham Atherton, to have and to hold, herself and her heirs, for ever. There was another exceptional clause in the will, to be sure. But every one looked upon it as a dead letter. On the very day he died, he had roused up, and with vehement haste demanded a lawyer and the will, and added a codicil, revoking all he had previously devised, in case of his nephew, his own brother's child, George Livingstone, should ever present himself, the said Livingstone having been reported dead. Should the report prove false, and George Livingstone appear, the whole property was given, as it rightfully belonged, to him and his heirs. Every one believed that Mr. Livingstone's dream, which he told with gasping accents to the lawyer, as a vision of revelation, showing him George terribly wronged, the victim of some evil plot, was simply the fancy of a feverish, excited brain. Had there not come a letter directly from Australia, describing George Livingstone's person and his manner of death? Had he not always been a wild, roving, good-for-nothing fellow, likely to come only to an evil end? And so the codicil was set aside as a dead letter. Mr. Graham Atherton wished sincerely that the other claim could be as easily put aside. But as the years went on—it was now six years since Mr. Livingstone's death—and there was no sign of Miss Anderson's marrying, he drew a long breath of relief, and indulged his fatherly pride in picturing for the golden future of his beautiful daughter.

And so the pretty Amy grew up to maidenhood, a beauty, and a prospective heiress. And no one disputed her claims as the belle of the town, almost the county.

But to go back to that memorable moonlight evening. Mrs. Atherton was sitting on the terrace, enjoying the coolness, and resting the tired limbs which had been fulfilling double duty all day. She had entertained company at tea, and carried out successfully the two characters of mistress and servant. For what they expended in outside show, to keep up the appearances required by the family of a prospective heiress, poor Mrs. Atherton was obliged to save in internal comfort. To admit the truth, all the family economy fell upon her shoulders, or, rather, was wrested out of her bones. A little girl, whose

help could be obtained cheaply, answered very well to admit visitors, and answer Amy's call, but the hard work and drudgery fell upon the mistress; and the strain was the more severe, because she still felt herself obliged to play likewise, at least, an attempt at fine lady. She must be nicely dressed for visitors at such an hour in the day, although to accomplish this feat she must rise long before daybreak, and work steadily, even after her sleepy eyes protested against the cruelty imposed upon them.

She sat there now, after her visitors had left her, every nerve throbbing with weariness, her mind irritated and nervous, her body thoroughly prostrated. Mr. Atherton, tranquilly reading his paper within the house, called out, presently:

"My dear—Mrs. Atherton, look here!"

Mrs. Atherton wearily rises, and thrusts herself into the sitting-room, to find him lying, at full length on the couch, a cigar between his lips, the paper thrown down on the floor. His boots lying in the centre of the room, his hat on the table, one glove on the floor, and one on the chair, a gray streak of cigar ashes on the carpet, marking his passage from the table to the couch.

Sighing, Mrs. Atherton restores the divorced gloves to safe union, picks up the paper, places the boots in the closet, and then sinks down into the chair.

"What did you want, Graham?"

"I was going to tell you about seeing Miss Anderson to-day. I asked her over to dinner."

"To dinner—Miss Anderson? Oh dear!" ejaculated Mrs. Atherton, shuddering, as well as she might, knowing what burdens the realization of the project would impose upon her, and putting her hand to her aching head.

"They cost so much, Graham," ventured she, meekly, "these dinners such as Miss Anderson is used to."

"We must save it in something else, that's all. I suppose you'll admit that it behoves us to conciliate Miss Anderson. She was talking about Amy to-day. I tell you, Maria, it's a settled thing; she's as good as promised not to marry."

She knew very well what was Mr. Atherton's idea of economy. Not deprivation of choice cigars, or even stint in his regular glass of wine after dinner, nor in anything that concerned himself, or touched upon his comfort; oh no, but in the kitchen, the servant, in short, out of that hapless individual who served him as housekeeper, servant, seamstress, maid-of-all-work, with the reward only of reluctantly doled pittance of food and clothing, and the poor honour of sitting at the head of his table, and bearing his name.

All this swelled in the poor woman's heart, sending a hot tear into her eye, and a hard, soundless sob to her throat.

Hapless woman! She only bent her head, and answered this domestic tyrant (how many such does the world hold!) who passed in town for a generous, free, jovial fellow.

Half-a-dozen courses, and her one pair of hands to execute them. The poor woman could not trust her voice to answer, for fear she should burst into tears, and break down entirely.

"And of course you'll make the ice-cream yourself, it is so much cheaper, and, if anything, better than Copeland's."

Mrs. Atherton made a movement towards the door, but was called back.

"I say, Maria, you haven't asked yet what day, nor how many are coming. I never did see such a woman. I want Amy to have a new dress to wear, and I'll buy it myself. Ray Gilbert will be here, of course; Miss Anderson talked as if it were a settled thing, his marrying Amy, I don't know that she could do better. Any way, it won't do to put Miss Anderson out. Hark! what's all that noise?"

The sound was from the street, of hurrying steps and eager voices; such evident excitement, that Mr. Atherton rose and went to the door, and from thence walked down the avenue to the gate. He came hurrying back.

"Get my boots, Maria, quick, and my coat. I'm going down to the lake. There's been a murder." And dashing out of the house, he joined the crowd hurrying towards the hermit's.

Mrs. Atherton, shuddering, went out, and locked all the doors carefully, then came back, and sat down in the easy-chair. Her little maid went home at night, and she was all alone in the house. Tired, depressed, thoroughly prostrated, the poor woman presently extinguished the lamp, and sat there in the moonlight at the window, watching for her daughter.

Many painful and bitter thoughts kept her company. She went back over the sorrowful scenes of her married life, and remembered, as if it were some one quite aside from her own identity, the bright, eager-spirited, glad-hearted girl, who left her comfortable independence, to become the wife of the handsome young clerk at the bank.

"How foolish girls will be!" murmured she. "Oh dear, if I thought it would be so with my Amy."

And she then began weeping, the salt tears slipping down the thin cheeks, and dropping their mimic shower upon her clasped, toil-hardened hands. She shook them off, and hastily wiped all trace of them from her face, when a quick, light step came dashing up the walk, and a hurried hand shook the door-knob.

She opened the door as speedily as possible, and the graceful figure flitted through.

"In the dark, mother? Has father gone to bed?"

"No, dear. He's away towards the lake. There's something happened."

While she spoke, Mrs. Atherton re-lighted the lamp.

Its rays showed her Amy's face, very pale; her eyes bright, but somehow with a restless, constrained look; that was not natural.

"Dear me, Amy! what is the matter? what has happened?" exclaimed she, apprehensively.

"You just told me you didn't know; I'm sure I can't tell you," answered Amy, turning away her face, over which a flush was creeping.

"Where have you been? Your father said you ought not to be out."

"I wish I hadn't gone!" exclaimed the girl, with a sudden fervour in her tone; and then she added, hastily: "It's so warm to-night! How long did the Sinclairs stay? Poor mother! I knew you were half dead with standing over that hot stove. I hope this is the last of my father's absurd invitations. He seems to think it a great honour for you to slave and work for such genteel people."

"Oh dear, Amy, the worst is to come. He's made up a dinner-party for Miss Anderson. Would you have believed it? And I'm to have six courses, and make the ice-cream myself."

The swelling voice said more than the words.

"It is shameful! it is infamous!" exclaimed Amy Atherton, stamping her little foot wrathfully. "He will laugh and jest, show off his gallantry, enjoy every bit of it, and you will have to smile, seem at ease, and play the hostess. If he were not my father—"

She stopped abruptly.

"Oh, Amy," said the mother, reproachfully, through her bitter tears. "At any rate, he is a good father to you."

"I don't know," returned Amy, bitterly; "it is only because of his pride. Because there's a chance of that fortune; and he thinks if he keeps me delicate-looking, it will add to his gentility. I should think it kinder for him to let me help you. And I will help you, mother. There's Miss Anderson, by no means an elderly woman, still handsome, and with all that money. She will crash down father's hopes some day, and marry. And I hope she will. I do, from my heart!"

And Amy stamped her foot again, and her eyes flashed resolutely through her proud tears.

"Why, Amy, what has come over you?"

The girl's lip was beginning to tremble, and one white hand slipped into her pocket, but was drawn out again as hastily as if it touched a serpent there. "At least," murmured she, "there's a little comfort out of it. I can spend it quickly."

And with an evident effort she returned her hand to her pocket, and brought it forth shining with gold.

"There, mother darling. We'll have Mrs. Hoar to help at that hateful dinner-party."

And she dropped the shining coin into her mother's hand.

"Why, Amy, child, where did you get all that money from? Did your father give it you?"

"My father! no indeed; and if you are wise, you'll keep it out of his sight, or he'll make it serve you for the year's income. It is all to be spent for your comfort."

"But, my darling, I don't understand. Where did you get it from?"

"I am not going to tell you," answered Amy, playfully, but there was a nervous excitement in her manner. "I didn't murder nor steal for its miserable sake, but I earned it."

She could not repress a shudder, while she said it, and hurrying to the window, looked out, more to hide her own face, than to learn what was transpiring in the street.

"I'm sure if you earned it, I've nothing more to say. Dear knows, it is welcome enough."

"That is all for you, mother, and it's all the comfort I get from it. Dear me, how hot it is to-night!"

Mrs. Atherton stooped down to kiss the troubled face.

"You are my own darling daughter. Oh, Amy, what should I do if it were you?"

The girl's arms were twined closely around her neck.

"Dear mother, I'm ashamed to think how long I have yielded to my father's wishes. I mean to brave them now, and bear my share of your burden. It makes me shudder to think how much there is which I cannot help at all. If I thought such a fate could come to me, I would never give my hand in marriage to the proudest gentleman in the land!"

The mother could not answer. What was there for her to say? But she folded her darling closer to her heart. Lying there, Amy whispered:

"Mother, I will never marry Ray Gilbert, though Miss Anderson, my father, and all the world command it. He is just such another handsome, showy, pleasing man, when it is for his interest to be, but at heart he is selfish, exacting, arrogant. I will not walk into the fire with my eyes open."

"Oh, Amy, your father will be terribly angry."

And Mrs. Atherton shuddered already at the thought.

"I know it," answered Amy, "but I can't help it. However, there's time enough yet. I won't be vexed prematurely. I'll keep the peace while I can, but I've told you, darling mother, and that's a relief. There is father. Hide the gold, and I'll run off."

Mrs. Atherton hurried the money into her pocket, and went to the door. Amy scampered up stairs to her chamber, but it was a long time before she retired. She sat at the window, her hair hanging about her shoulders, her hands clasped, her eyes dilated with some freezing horror. Once she made a movement towards the bed, and then turned back with a shiver, murmuring:

"No, no. I cannot sleep, I dare not sleep. I shall only dream it over again."

Towards morning she crept into bed, beumbed and exhausted, and fell into a restless, feverish sleep.

CHAPTER III

IN a neat but unpretending house a little out of the village, on the highway leading to the metropolis, lived Madam Creyton, as she was called in the neighbourhood, more by courtesy, won through her meek, retiring ways, her wistful, patient submission to a hard fate, than from any recognized claim of her own. And she would have lived there alone with her son twenty-two years next Christmas.

There were some who could not forget the sweet, innocent girl Madam Creyton had been, and who still persisted in declaring that some time or other the mystery which hung over her would be cleared away, and the shame with it. But these were but few. Alas! we are all prone to censure harshly! The majority of the townspeople looked upon her coldly. If there be any palliation, any excuse, said they, why does she not declare it?

But Mary Creyton never spoke. For the first year after her boy's birth, she was scarcely ever seen outside her home. Then her father's death brought her out before the pitiless eyes and the cold sneers of the world. Her face paled, her lips were firmly set, her eyes downcast, but she held her sobbing breath with stern heroism, without a sign of the inward agony. After that it was easier. It is always easier after once desperately facing the evil you dread. The years slipped away; the boy grew into a stout lad. She was obliged to mingle a little in the world, and she found presently that there came a sort of respect for her. People said, carelessly, but not unkindly, "The woman, at least, has led an exemplary life since, and she is modest and humble. What harm if we forget the past, and fling her a crumb of comfort?"

And now that Charlie Creyton had grown into strong and handsome manhood, the way of the lonely woman was smoothed beneath her feet. The young man was a model son, a marvel indeed among his sex. I think you might have searched the town through, and not found another man who would have borne the blight resting upon him in the generous, manly fashion of Charlie Creyton. Not that it did not pain and sting him when flung towards him in sneering look or from taunting tongue. But there was no resentment or anger in his grief. Never an indignant look, an unkind word, but always watchful tenderness, grateful affection towards his mother. Long-suffering and patient one! if the slight and coldness of the world laid upon her, here was her crown—this bright, strong, tender youth, who lent his sturdy arm to support her, who gave his warm heart, his unswerving faith and confidence.

Mary Creyton was watching for her son, when he came with hurried strides down the path which led across the pasture to the village, through the glorious light of that moonlight evening. She flitted out from under the apple tree, against whose trunk she had been leaning, and he started as if he had received a blow.

"Why, mother, what are you doing out here in the dew?" he exclaimed, as soon as he recognized her.

"Watching for you, Charlie. It grew so late, at least so much later than your usual hour, that I was

a little nervous. How you pant for breath! What made you run so swiftly?"

"I suppose because I wanted to get home the quicker."

He took her hand, kissed it as tenderly and as respectfully as a knight might have saluted his lady's snowy fingers, and then holding her close beside him, so close that, had the daylight shone upon them instead of that silvery radiance, she could not have seen his face, he asked with a sudden fervour in his voice:

"Mother, have you been fretting about me, and did you pray, a little while back, for my safety from any harm?"

"I did, Charlie. Somehow, a restless foreboding came across me, and I could only be calmed in that way."

"I knew it," returned Charlie Creyton, in a voice that quivered a little through all its solemnity. "I was sure of it. Mother darling, I think there came an answer to your prayer. I was nearly—just on the brink of a great trouble, and an unseen angel stepped between me and the threatening danger."

"Why, Charlie—dear Charlie," began the mother, fluttering on his broad breast like a wounded dove.

"Never mind, dear. I think it is safely over. Don't fret over me, mother. Why, how you are trembling!"

He drew her into the house and put her into the chair by the window, saying, gently, yet firmly:

"There's no need of your fretting, mother, trust me!"

"I do; oh, Charlie, I do! You are my stay, my staff, my precious blessing. Let me never think anything hard while I keep you and your love."

"Some time, mother, I will tell you all my secrets. Until then we will trust and love each other. Now let us close the house. It is late, and you were up early in the morning."

"But, Charlie, you have not had your supper to-night. There is a bit of cold chicken and some of your favourite jelly."

"I have had a little to eat. I don't think I care for anything more to-night. Now let's fasten the door and put out the lights. This glorious moon will light me to my chamber."

"How anxious he is to have the lights extinguished!" thought the mother, but she did not give expression to her thoughts by voice.

In a few moments longer both were safely in their chambers. Then it was that Charlie Creyton went to the window, and took out from his pocket a dozen and more pieces of money—gold, evidently, by the clear ring, as they clinked together. These were put away in safety. Then Charlie Creyton sat down by the window, his head leaning on his hand, staring out into the moonlight field beyond the house.

(To be continued.)

THE WITCH FINDER.

CHAPTER V.

STARELED and frightened the judge's niece came to a halt as soon as she reached the edge of the water, and attempted to look over the jagged, shifting waste of ice, where the two men had so suddenly come to trouble. She soon heard enough to convince her that a terrible struggle was taking place in that direction, for half-stifled cries occasionally reached her, and there was heard a crash upon the ice, at frequent intervals, as if of a man struggling with the frozen masses and endeavouring to secure a footing upon them.

The gloom of the night was such, however, that the episodes of this struggle could not be seen by the solitary observer, and the roar of the wind, the moaning of the sea, the crashing of the ice, all combined to make the girl's knowledge of the conflict rather an instinct than an actual observation.

A full minute, perhaps, this situation was maintained, and then a sudden splashing at a point nearer to her than any of the late manifestations told Temperance that the struggle was not yet ended. This splashing was followed by a crunching sound upon the ice, as if of heavy footsteps, and it speedily became evident to her that a man was advancing shoreward over the ice at no great distance from her. She accordingly flashed the rays of her lantern in that direction as far as possible, and are long her conviction became a certainty—the movements, the cries, the panting breathing of the man in question, all becoming plainly apparent to her senses.

"This way! This way!" she shouted, waving her lantern above her head. "The ice is open here; but you can surely get through it, if you don't mind another wetting."

She did not know whether the man heard her voice or not, nor did she care; it was enough for her that

he was still advancing towards her, that he slipped and fell upon the ice only to rise again, that he slipped into the openings between the cakes of ice, only to slip out again instantly, and that he was doing all that a human being could do, to save himself from destruction.

Thus, steadily advancing, he soon appeared in a half open circle of water, which here showed itself between the ice wall and the beach, and came splashing and thundering across this open space towards the girl, now rolling upon a lump of ice and disappearing from her view under the water, but promptly re-appearing again and continuing his desperate efforts to reach the shore.

A minute more of this terrible conflict, and Philip Ross found a footing at a point where the water was only breast high, and then his safety seemed secured, for he came steadily shoreward, pushing aside the ice, and rising more and more into view. The very energy of his efforts had already told Temperance that he was Philip, and the thought had filled her with excitement, causing her to advance upon some rocks jutting out into the sea, and to encourage the young sailor with many an exclamation of which she was scarcely conscious.

Another instant, and Philip emerged from the water, panting and staggering, his clothes dripping, and sank exhausted at the feet of Temperance, pallid as a sheet, and so far gone that he seemed hardly conscious of his safety.

"Oh, Philip! Philip!" exclaimed Temperance, "is it indeed you, come back to us in this manner?"

The young sailor moved, making a vain effort to rise to his feet, and raised his head.

"Is it you, Miss Stoughton?" he murmured, gasping for breath.

"Yes, me, Philip—Temperance," she rejoined, with marked emphasis upon the name, as if desirous of being addressed thus familiarly by her former friend. "I heard your cries, and have come to your assistance without knowing who was in distress, and little thinking that I should be so favoured as to be of service to the man the dearest of all the world to me."

"Let me have your lantern," cried Philip, abruptly, and without noticing her observation, as he struggled to his feet. "I am not alone in this peril. Mr. Waybrook is with me. I saw him slip and fall ere the lantern was extinguished, but I am sure that he did not get into the water till long after I did, if at all. Perhaps I can yet save him."

"Oh, Philip, it is certain death!" she exclaimed, detaining him. "Do not throw away your life in this manner! Your garments are wet and freezing—your strength completely gone—"

"Peace! peace!" interrupted the young sailor, as he seized the girl's lantern and turned away to look for the merchant. "I must see!"

Moving slowly, staggering at every step—for his will was much stronger than his body—Philip made his way seaward, upon a ridge of ice running at right angles with the shore, and a short distance to the right of the place where he had effected a landing.

"Mr. Waybrook!" he called, thus advancing, but in a voice so feeble—such was his weakness—that Miss Stoughton hardly heard him—"Mr. Waybrook, where are you? This way, if you see the light. Mr. Waybrook!"

There was no response, and Philip, halting on the ice, experienced a double chill of cold and anguish as he interpreted that silence.

Again he called, striving to increase the sound of his voice, and again he advanced upon the ridge of ice, waving his lantern, but he received no reply, and observed no signs whatever of his late companion.

"Oh, he is gone!" he moaned, becoming disheartened and halting again. "What will Hester say to me? No chance of saving him—no possibility of going farther! As well die here—"

The ice yawned beneath his feet, and it was by instinct, rather than by a desire for life, that he recoiled sufficiently to preserve himself from sinking into the frozen abyss. Seeing that it was equally impossible to advance or to remain where he was, the ridge groaning and twisting under him like a monster serpent, he slowly retreated, more than once falling and bruising himself, and repeatedly being very near swallowed up by the raging floods beneath him.

On reaching *terra firma* again, he was met by Miss Stoughton, who took the lantern from his nerveless grasp, he appearing about to fall, and she uttered a few words designed to encourage him.

Her words were unheeded, however, her very presence unnoticed, for a critical moment in Philip's condition had come. Despite his weakness, he had not felt the cold, when struggling shorewards, nor even when looking for Mr. Waybrook; but now that hope forsook him—now that the full measure of his

misfortunes was revealed, in that dreadful fear of the merchant's loss—his senses reeled, his overtaxed frame gave way, and he fell senseless at the feet of Miss Stoughton.

For an instant the judge's niece was appalled at this turn of affairs, but only for an instant. Remembering the vigour and youth of Philip, and perceiving that he had merely fainted through fatigue and exposure, she uttered an exclamation of satisfaction, and even permitted a smile full of meaning to pass over her features. Without hesitation or delay, she raised his insensible form with her left hand and arm, as easily as if it had been that of an infant, and moved away towards the house, supporting her burden partly upon her hip, and lighting her way with her lantern.

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good," she murmured, with a strange glow on her cheeks, and with a vivid flash of resolution in her dark eyes. "The fates have placed him in my hands, and it will be singular, indeed, if I cannot keep him!"

Bearing her prize firmly, as a tigress bears her prey to its den, the jubilant woman thus traversed the grounds, bearing the inanimate form of the young navigator, and disappeared into her dwelling.

The first movements of the judge's niece, after reaching her room, were to lay the insensible form of Philip upon a couch, to close the shutters and draw the curtains, to stir and replenish the fire, to see what time it was, to calculate the hour of her uncle's probable return—and she then glided noiselessly from the house.

The night was still as dark, windy, and cold as ever, the air as full of snow-flakes, the neighbourhood as deserted.

The town clock had just struck eight.

In a little log-cabin not three hundred yards away, in a southerly direction, across a pasture, in a street running parallel with the judge's, there lived an old soldier, a relic of the early Indian wars, with sufficient strength and activity to work as a gardener, in which capacity he had frequently served the judge, and so became known to Miss Stoughton.

To this old soldier, therefore, hastened the judge's niece, and she was so fortunate as to find him at home—in fact, upon his door-step, smoking his pipe, but looking anxiously abroad. He had heard indistinctly the cries uttered by Mr. Waybrook and Philip, and had stepped out of doors, to see if he could learn their nature.

"It's me—Temperance Stoughton," announced the judge's niece, hurriedly, as she saw the old soldier commence a hasty retreat indoors, the instant he heard her approaching in the darkness. "I want your help, Corporal Trueaxe."

The corporal was a little old man, almost toothless, with white hair, and a thin face and figure, but he retained to a remarkable degree his health and spirits. He lived alone, partly upon a pension, partly upon the product of his labours, and received many gifts from the colonists, who knew that he was good and honest, although endowed with a terrible fluency with regard to the services he had rendered.

"Oh, there is trouble, then, in that direction?" he responded, facing about in his doorway, and assuming the position of a soldier. "I heard those shouts and yells, and I said to myself, there comes a pilgrim ship, perhaps the Harbinger, and she's gone ashore on the Point. No, said I, a minute later, them's not pilgrims—them's fishermen. My next thought was, them can't be fishermen, for who'd be fishing at this season of the year? My next reflection was, them's Indians sneaking round to the front of the settlement, to make a rear attack upon us. Don't talk such nonsense, said I, next thing; them's no more Indians than the man in the moon; them's some of our folks who've been sailing in the harbour, perhaps coming from Beverly, and have got stuck in the ice. Another minute of reflection, however—"

"You are mistaken," interrupted Miss Stoughton, she having now recovered a portion of the breath she had lost in her haste to reach the corporal's dwelling.

"My very ideas!" exclaimed Trueaxe, with a sudden flush of enthusiasm. "I'd only to reflect a minute to see that I was completely mistaken. Why, Trueaxe, you old warrior, said I, you know, if you know anything, that you know nothing whatever about them parties, whether they be white men, or Indians. The only way to find out who they are, is to go and see them; and I was just preparing to start out on a skirmish, when I heard you coming. And now, Miss Temperance, let's know all about it. What's the trouble?"

The judge's niece hesitated a moment, at a loss in what terms to reply.

"A neighbour of ours," she then said, "has been cast ashore, unconscious and half-frozen. I—"

"But who is he?" demanded the old corporal, as he saw, by the rays of a candle within his cabin, that the features of the young lady were singularly expressive of emotion.

Again Miss Stoughton hesitated. She knew that the mention of Philip's name would be the signal for a long and rambling series of inquiries and speculations on the part of Corporal Trueaxe, and she had no time for this discussion, not to mention that the cold, the place, and the hour, were all opposed to it. She replied, therefore, as follows:

"You shall know in due time who he is—just as soon as we have taken care of him. I want you to put him to bed. My uncle is gone, and all the neighbours, except you, to see about building a bridge to Beverly."

"Very well, Miss Temperance—happy to serve you!" declared Trueaxe. "I won't lose a minute in coming, armed and equipped, as the law directs."

Although the corporal, in his line of promotion, had never gone beyond his first advancement, he indulged in military terms to a great extent, and carried the panoply of his profession into all the affairs of existence.

"Come, then," rejoined she, turning away. "Should you meet any one, do not breathe a word of what I have told you, nor even hint where you are going."

The old corporal was inspired with a most lively curiosity by these injunctions.

"It's a secret, then—this distressed neighbour?" he demanded.

"A secret of the greatest importance," replied Miss Stoughton, moved by a half formed purpose of keeping Philip's arrival from the knowledge of his family and friends. "You shall know all when you come. Lose not a moment. You'll find me waiting for you."

With these injunctions, all delivered in her usual imperious manner, Miss Stoughton hastened homeward.

The old corporal looked after her with a long stare, and a half-audible whistle, expressive of interest and excitement.

"They do say that that girl's bewitched," he muttered to himself. "Hang me! I envy the bewitchers. She's seen her best days, to be sure; but the snap's in her! But who's this unconscious and half-frozen neighbour? Why so secret about him? Never saw Miss Temperance afore so interested and excited. Here's a mystery to mine, counter-mine, and pry out, if possible!"

With this, he arranged his fire, extinguished his candle, secured the door, and hurried away in the direction of the judge's residence.

The situation of Philip had not materially changed when she returned to her apartment. He was still lying on the couch where she had placed him, shivering in his unconsciousness, moaning occasionally, but giving no signs of immediately recovering his senses.

Kneeling at his side, the judge's niece took his cold hand in her own, felt his pulse, smoothed the damp hair back from his brow, so pale and fair, and marked his slow and painful breathing.

Her lips quivered, her eyes filled with tears, her form shook with emotion.

She had long loved Philip madly, and never so much as at that moment, when the wind and the sea thus gave him back to her—when his very life was thus placed in her keeping.

He had paid her some attention at one time, and she had fixed her thoughts upon him with all the ardour of an intense affection. The more he had withdrawn from her society, the more she had resolved to secure him; for she had early experienced the fear of remaining an old maid if he did not marry her. The truth was, she was haughty, unspiritual, unattractive, and in every way calculated to keep suitors at a distance. The character of her uncle, so stern and unsocial, had increased this isolation to such an extent that Temperance, despairing of Philip, had taken to punch, gossip, and the various vices of her situation.

"He must be attended to at once," she murmured to herself. "The cold, his weakness, his excitement, all have united to endanger his life. What can I do for him while waiting for Trueaxe?"

Her eye rested upon the tumbler she had lately been using, and she resolved to give him some whiskey, which she hastened to procure from the pantry. It required no little courage and firmness for her to administer it to Philip, his teeth being set tightly together, but she finally triumphed over all difficulty, and poured the entire contents of the tumbler down his throat.

The effect of this measure was not immediately apparent, the young sailor remaining motionless, and exhibiting no new signs of vitality.

"The only thing to be done is to get him to bed," pursued Temperance, anxiously. "These wet clothes are enough to kill him. Why don't Trueaxe come?"

(To be continued.)



[A WOMAN'S PRESENCE OF MIND.]

MATCHED AT LAST.

"PIRACY, I have come to the conclusion, is far better fun to watch than legitimate warfare; and these dreadful little 'letters of marque' that are always cruising in forbidden waters, generally cover themselves with glory, and carry off all the spoils."

And little Mrs. Darrell nestled down more cozily into the depths of her easy-chair, and laughed her most wickedly mischievous laugh, as she glanced at Charley Laurence's face.

"You are charmingly epigrammatic this afternoon! After all your good resolutions, you will fall into talking a little quiet scandal."

"Don't you want me to enlighten you?" asked she, roguishly; "for if you have never met Clara Van Courtland, you know none of the gossip about her. Such a drama as I foresee—ah!" with an ecstatic gesture of her pretty hands, "nothing on the theatrical boards will be able to compare with it."

"Well," said Charley Laurence, "you have managed to excite my curiosity most skilfully. Please tell me all the story—no one is looking this way; and Miss Travers is exclusively taken up with Colonel Bradford."

"It is not much of a story," answered she; "at least, if it be, none of our set knows very much about it. To appreciate Clara you must see her, so I shall attempt no description of her personally. About a year ago, Graham Bradford was perfectly devoted to her. Every one talked, of course, as Miss Van Courtland would be a splendid *parti* even for him. Suddenly, no one exactly knew how, Miss Travers appeared upon the scene. Mrs. Jack Ransom has the credit of that *débutante*, and, I must say, I never could quite understand it. The story goes that Jack Ransom became very heavily involved, and is under large pecuniary obligations to Miss Travers's papa.

Where the said papa sprang from, or where he hides himself, nobody seemed to know. Mrs. Jack brought her out at a grand ball of her own, and told every one that she was a great heiress. Harry Townsend informed me the other day that this was no myth, but that the fabulous papa possessed a few millions; said something of a horribly vulgar shop, (perhaps its 'oil'—heaven knows!) and convinced me that Miss Travers's solid charms were reliable. The night of the young lady's *début*, Graham Bradford deserted Clara, and went over to the new shrine. Mark my words, Mr. Laurence, that girl knows quite well what she is playing for; but I am a little dubious about who holds the ace of trumps. Clara has never yet met Miss Travers—I mean she does not know her; of course, she has seen her scores of times. When I came up here a week ago, Mary Thornton told me, privately, that she had sent for Clara. I surveyed the situation mentally, and wound up my conversation by gently hinting that it was barely possible the young lady might not care to encounter Mrs. Ransom and Miss Travers. So you can fancy how surprised I was at hearing to-day that Miss Van Courtland might be looked for by the evening train. Mary Thornton knew what she was about; she just mentioned to Clara what I said, and the bare suggestion has put my proud little lady upon her mettle. Add to all this that the same train brings Clarence Tremaine, and you'll see why. I grow amused whenever I think of the odd mixture of inflammable materials of war that are congregated at Thorndale. Look at Miss Travers just now, Mr. Laurence. What a magnificent face she has!"

And then both lady and gentleman quietly looked over at the beauty they were discussing.

I think they did her but justice in calling Miss Travers magnificent—when she was in repose. Her face was a pure oval; the skin of that opaque white, which is far removed from anything like pallor, or

ill health. The mouth and nose, both were very beautiful—the latter straight, but not Grecian. Her eyes were glorious; they were not black, but soft brown, with a gold tinge upon them in certain lights; marvellous eyes, like no others I ever saw. When you looked at them you forgot every other feature of her face—forgot that beauty of form did not fulfil the picture; for there is no denying that Miss Travers had a very bad figure, so bad that no *modiste* could modify it into anything that approached grace. Her shoulders were high and square; and when she walked she showed to the least advantage, from the fact that she was so perfectly erect. She owed her belleship as much to her tact as to her beautiful face. She was not, and she never would be, a thoroughly elegant woman; but when she found herself in waters beyond her depth, she possessed to a wonderful degree the art of knowing when to be silent.

"Her face is glorious," said Charley Laurence; "but—let me whisper the heresy softly—she has such feet! Your dainty boots could easily stand in one of her foot-prints."

"*Fi donc!*" cried the pretty widow, "I have set you a bad example in talking of my neighbours. But we bid fair to have a lively Christmas party, do we not?"

"According to your own account. Will Miss Van Courtland be visible before dinner?"

"Hardly—for we dine at seven to-night; and our *soirée dansante* begins about ten, I suppose. As the train doesn't arrive before half-past five, you must give us ladies an hour's grace to prepare our toilets. Don't lose your heart to the fair Clara!"

"As if that were possible!" with a long, wistful look into the mirthful eyes that challenged him so brightly.

"*Au plaisir de vous revoir!*" she said, with a graceful courtesy, "don't disturb that interesting pair in the window;" and her light, mocking laugh reached the ears for whom it was intended, as Mrs. Darrell glided gracefully out of the room.

Miss Travers walked quietly back into the corner of the window seat, and glanced up at her companion.

"Mrs. Darrell means to remind me that it is time for the dressing-bell," said she, composedly drawing out her diamond-studded watch. "Who would believe that you and I have been sitting here for at least two hours?"

"Don't remind me of it!"

'How noiseless flies the foot of Time,
That only treads on flowers.'

You will make me sigh, like Oliver Twist, for 'more.'

Her eyes glittered scornfully as she turned towards him. "Are you going to play a new role?" she said; "flattery, spoken or implied, you have never yet treated me to, Colonel Bradford."

"When you are daily proving to me that gold is your own currency, do not suppose me such a dolt as to be guilty of offering you the copper pennies of society."

But she looked him full and steadily in the eyes ere she made answer.

"Not copper pennies, exactly," said she, slowly; "I cannot believe that your hands are familiar with that style of thing. But I do confess," her eyelids flickered for a brief second, "that I am, sometimes, very much inclined to consider you an enigma. How much do you ever really mean of what you say to me?"

Graham Bradford's keen eyes were as cold as ever; but his heavy moustache hid the smile that lurked in the corners of his mouth as he replied:

"Miss Travers does great injustice to her own powers of discrimination. Surely you are not trying to make me believe that, when you choose, you are at a loss to understand me?"

With a half sigh, Miss Travers mentally sheathed her sword, and changed the subject.

"It makes me shiver to think of the state dinner to-day," said she. "New arrivals are bad enough; but think of the grand formality and prosiness combined, of the entire faction of Wilmers! My only consolation will be in thinking of the dance afterwards."

"There are but two new arrivals," said Colonel Bradford, carelessly, "Miss Van Courtland and her cousin, Miss Lewis."

"I heard Mrs. Thornton mention at lunch that Mr. Tremaine was to be here," said Miss Travers, glancing sharply at him.

"Ah!" said the colonel, nonchalantly, but changing colour, nevertheless.

"You do not mind these dinners?" said she, with a slight tremble of her low voice. "Surely you cannot think them very delightful to me, when some one or another of your high-bred coterie are continually endeavouring to remind me that I am only among them by sufferance?"

Graham Bradford's was a chivalrous nature, and the chord that Miss Travers touched then, was one she

knew would vibrate instantly. The hot blood rushed into his face, and there was more warmth in his reply than he intended.

"Contemptible snobbishness," said he, angrily; "I recognize the aristocracy of mind and heart alone. Why women should delight in hunting and annoying another, because they have not known her antecedents all their lives, is more than I can fathom. Assert your own dignity, Miss Travers, and take the position you are entitled to—queen of beauty and of us all."

She knew he was allowing his manly distaste of petty persecutions to bias his words, for there never lived a prouder man than Graham Bradford. But that pride lay too deep for ordinary topics to touch; and well as she was aware of the fact, Miss Travers could not suppress a thrill of triumph as she looked at him.

"My partial friend," she said, with a beaming smile of her wondrous eyes, "no one but yourself knows that the barbed arrows ever sting through mine armour of proof. But I cannot tell what may be in store for me, now that 'the blood of all the Van Courtlands' comes!"

She had gone just one step too far.

"Miss Van Courtland is a lady," he said, briefly and coldly; "and one that I never knew to forget that fact. Am I to have the German this evening?"

"Thanks," said she, rising. "Do you lead as usual?"

"I believe so. Miss Travers, will you do me the pleasure to wear the flowers that I have sent to your room?"

"Of course. Will you accept my thanks now?" and she offered him her hand—a most unusual proceeding on her part; and as Colonel Bradford stood for an instant looking after her, with his heart beating a trifle faster than usual, he shrugged his shoulders, and muttered under his breath,

"Pshaw! what a fool I am!"

Alice Travers walked very quietly up to her own room, and, having bolted the door, sat herself down in front of her mirror and pondered.

"I made a false move just now," she said, half aloud. "Why were you mad enough to be spiteful, my dear Alice? I have had six months' fair field; now let me see if proud Miss Van Courtland can distance me. If I only knew what I really have to contend with! If I could but get some clue as to how far matters actually went. Eh, bien! I must trust to fortune to befriend me. Money I have more than enough of; position and a name I must have. And yet—oh, Graham! I believe you might make a very different woman of me."

She paused a moment to dash away a few tears.

"What a fool I am!" she thought, unconsciously echoing Colonel Bradford's words. "I must be more than my usual self to-night. Clara Van Courtland, shall I find my match in you, I wonder?"

The drawing-room was full of guests as Miss Travers entered it, just before the dinner hour. She was looking superbly—the diamonds on her rich, dark hair not one whit more brilliant than her eyes. Her toilet was perfect, as it generally was; a silk of warm, vivid crimson, with trimmings of point-lace, that caused half the patrician bosoms in the room to throb with bitterest envy. Mrs. Darrell motioned to Miss Travers to take the vacant chair at her side.

"We are waiting for the new-comers," said the sparkling widow; "or, rather for one of them. Mr. Tremaine and Carrie Lewis are down, I believe. Don't you abominate state-dinners, Miss Travers? I do. Look at those dreadful Wilmers! I am morally persuaded that I shall fall to the lot of that stupid major. Send a pitying glance at me occasionally, if you see me victimized."

"Colonel Bradford," said his hostess, as that gentleman bent over her, in obedience to a signal of her fan, "will you take Miss Travers in to dinner? I am disappointed of Mr. Carlyle's company, and must get Mr. Tremaine to escort Miss Van Courtland instead. Ah, there she is!" and rising with much embarrassment, Mrs. Thornton moved down the drawing-room to meet her guest. Standing directly under the full blaze of the chandelier, having crossed the room with her own inimitable grace, was Miss Van Courtland. Not so tall by two inches as her beautiful rival, but with a form so exquisitely moulded, a little head set so daintily and regally upon the swan-like neck, that one was apt to fancy her height more than it really was. She had a thoroughly patrician face, from the rounded chin to the waving masses of chestnut hair, with here and there a thread of gold in it. You could almost see the blue veins through the polished ivory skin, and the lovely rose colouring of her cheeks, changed with each expression of her face. Her dress heightened her very peculiar style of beauty. It was a heavy blue silk, perfectly plain, and cut square across the neck and shoulders, with a tiny sleeve, *à la antique*. The statuesque effect was completed by her ornaments, a superb set of

stone cameos. She wore them on her arms, not at the wrist, but just below the band of her short sleeve, and a necklace of the same clasped around her beautiful throat. Just above the left temple, the finest cameo of them all, an exquisite head of Jupiter caught back the soft, shining hair. No one but Miss Van Courtland could have borne such a toilet, but she wore it, and was queenly—so queenly that a gleam of triumph danced in Mrs. Darrell's eyes as she watched Colonel Bradford's kindling face; and Miss Travers set her pearly white teeth, and whispereed fiercely, "She outshines me!"

"I have a thousand apologies to make, my dear Mary," said Miss Van Courtland's low, sweet voice; "the first of which must be that my luggage arrived from the station only fifteen minutes since; and if I have kept your guests waiting, you must pardon it in consideration of my having made the most speedy toilet on record. Ah, Sophie!" as she reached Mrs. Darrell's side, "what an age since we've met."

"Miss Van Courtland, Miss Travers," said Mrs. Darrell, rising with her most provoking smile.

Miss Travers's courtesy was ironical in its staccato execution, but Clara spoke in her frankest tone.

"We have met so often, Miss Travers," said she, "that we almost know each other. I am happy to meet you at Thorndike."

And Miss Travers felt, as Clara fully intended she should, vanquished at the first round.

"I trust I do not need an introduction," said Colonel Bradford's voice, at the back of Miss Van Courtland's chair. "I can scarcely believe that you are really here at last."

"Nor I," said she, giving him her hand without any change of colour or expression. "I have left half a dozen engagements unfulfilled, because I could not resist the pleasant party at Thorndike. As it is, I only begged for four or five days."

"How are you, Bradford?" asked Mr. Tremaine, as he offered his hand to Miss Van Courtland. "I heard no end of laments because of your non-appearance at the Courtneys."

But Mrs. Darrell and her escort passed between them; and the little widow caught Colonel Bradford's low remarks that were intended for Miss Travers's ear alone.

"I was not there because I could not leave here!"

"I give you leave to draw a long breath," whispered the lively lady, as Charley Laurence seated himself by her side, "for you have been positively transfixed ever since Clara entered the drawing-room. Was it not wonderfully wise in me to leave her praises unbounded?"

"You certainly deserve to be rewarded for such a piece of discretion," said he. "Yes, I am extremely surprised by Miss Van Courtland; she is utterly foreign to any idea of her that I had ever formed. And yet the strangest part of all to me is the animated play of her face. It does not accord with that *physique*; and the very strangeness makes her doubly fascinating."

Mrs. Darrell laughed her low, triumphant laugh. She was very fond of Clara, and she positively detested Miss Travers; in fact, the utter routing of the enemy's forces was the sole thing that would content her. And so she glanced over at her opposite neighbours with calm satisfaction, feeling almost certain that defeat was "upon the cards" for one of them. As for Graham Bradford, he threw so much devotion into his tone and manner, and all through the dinner was so lover-like, that Miss Travers, keen as ever, immediately suspected him of being piqued.

The dinner was rather a long one, and the gentlemen accompanied the ladies back to the drawing-room. It so happened that Miss Darrell and Miss Travers were seated together on a couch, as Clara Van Courtland came up on Mr. Tremaine's arm. As usual, several gentlemen were bending over the heiress, but Miss Travers looked as calm as ever.

"We were just discussing those marvelous cameos of yours, Clara," said Mrs. Darrell, "I certainly think they are the most perfect of their kind I ever saw."

"I think I have seen a stone that can match them," said Miss Travers's quiet voice. "Colonel Bradford's seal—the head of Euterpe, the goddess of Music, is equally fine."

"Do let us examine it," said Mrs. Darrell, eagerly, as the colonel drew off his glove. "I always have meant to ask you to let me look at that antique."

"Your cameos are beautifully matched, Miss Van Courtland," said Miss Travers, slyly the stones like a connoisseur. "All the gods and goddesses of heathen mythology, I should think."

"The stones of the necklaces are intended to represent the nine Muses," said Clara; "and the bracelets are all male heads, as you see, Miss Travers. But I value my head of Jupiter most of all."

"Not more than I do my ring," said Colbaul

Bradford. "I consider it as my most precious possession."

"Then you are, undoubtedly, preserving it with tender care for the future Mrs. Graham Bradford," said Mrs. Darrell, wickedly, handing the ring to Miss Travers.

The lovely colour blushed for an instant on Clara Van Courtland's face, as Colonel Bradford's eyes rested on hers.

"I assure you," said he, lightly, "I shall never dare to offer it to any one else. It is also to be hoped, that that mythical personage may possess none that are as fine as Miss Van Courtland's. But my heart has been crushed so many times, Mrs. Darrell, that I have not the temerity to lay it at any shrine."

Miss Travers's eyes glittered with their most dangerous smile as she gave the ring back to its owner.

"You said your necklace was composed of the heads of the nine Muses, Miss Van Courtland," she said, coolly; "pardon me, your jeweller, or my eyes must be strangely at fault. It would sell below its original valuation as it now stands, for the goddess of Music being missing, you must count your Muses as eight!"

For an instant everybody held their breath at the audacity of the speech. Clara opened her fan composedly enough ere she answered, and except that she was very pale, she looked as calm as ever.

"I do not pretend to doubt the accuracy of your eyes, or your knowledge! These cameos are heirlooms of my family, and it is not at all wonderful that in their transmission, through several generations, one should be lost. As to their net valuation—their profit or loss—Miss Travers is far more interested on that point than I can possibly be—very naturally!"

The softness of her voice gave the stab bitterer point; and for once Colonel Bradford had to acknowledge to himself that the fair *parvenue* had brought the thrust upon her own head.

"The other guests are arriving quite rapidly," said Mrs. Darrell, completely ignoring this passage of arms, though secretly she was singing a *Te Deum* over her favourite. "I suppose you are going to lead the German, Colonel Bradford?"

"I believe I am," answered that gentleman. "Tremaine, will you dance second?"

"Miss Van Courtland and I do not propose to dance the German this evening," replied Mr. Tremaine, quietly. "Many thanks, Bradford."

"I am somewhat fatigued with my journey," said Clara, hurriedly, as Colonel Bradford's eyes met hers. "You don't know how I have been Germanizing."

"I am not to be discouraged," he said, in a very low tone; "will you give me a waltz the first of the evening, or the last?"

She hesitated a moment.

"After the German," said she. "I shall rest until then." And she rose and walked away with Charley Laurence.

Mrs. Thornton's little *soirée* passed off very delightfully, everybody said, as they went up to bid good evening to the hostess. But, notwithstanding his apparent devotion, during the entire evening, to Miss Travers, Colonel Bradford's keen eyes never lost a single movement of the animated pair seated on a distant couch. So, after "dancing out" the last figure of his German, he walked leisurely down the room to claim his partner.

The band was playing one of Godfrey's lovely waltzes—a waltz that Clara had danced very often with her favourite partner. And for a moment a rush of old associations swept over her heart, and the little hand trembled as she laid it in his. She probably never waltzed better than that evening, and she was famous for her waltzing. If a glance of envy could have killed her, Miss Travers's certainly would, as, after full ten minutes' steady dancing, Colonel Bradford disappeared through the open door with Clara on his arm.

"It seems like old times to waltz with you again," he said, very softly, as she stopped a moment at the foot of the staircase to say good night. "You are not angry with me, Clara?"

"Angry?" she said, with a light, clear laugh, that cost her more of an effort than he dreamed of; "you must be drawing largely upon your imagination. But, I recollect, it was always rather vivid."

"Clara! Clara! indeed you mistake," he said, eagerly. "I know you have received a false impression. If you will only give me an opportunity to explain—"

But she stopped him there with a proud bend of her lovely head.

"Some things explain themselves," said she, coldly; "you and I are what we always have been—friends!"

Another word would have made Clara a happier woman than she had been for some months, and

Colonel Bradford was in just the mood then to say it. But Miss Travers and Mrs. Darrell passed through the open door; and as Miss Van Courtland turned to go up the staircase, she saw Colonel Bradford bend with his most fascinating smile over her rival's hand.

"How do you all propose to amuse yourselves this morning?" asked Mrs. Thornton, as she joined her guests in the music-room, after breakfast, the next day. "As usual, divide yourselves into various skating parties, with a select literary club of two in the library?" And Mrs. Thornton shook her head at the laughing little widow.

"Mr. Laurence and I do not feel poetical this morning," retorted Mrs. Darrell; "I am going riding instead."

"I am trying to make up a skating-party, Mrs. Thornton," said Colonel Bradford, from the piano, where he was bending over Miss Travers's music-book; "so far, the said party consists of Miss Lewis, Miss Travers, Clifford, and myself."

"Miss Van Courtland, do you feel disposed to join the skaters?" asked Mr. Tremaine.

"I have a letter to write," said Clara, pausing half a second to see if any invitation came from Colonel Bradford; "but I would like to take a walk very much, Mr. Tremaine."

"Don't you skate, Miss Van Courtland?" asked Miss Travers.

"Sometimes, but I am too tired this morning. Possibly we may walk down to the river and see you skating."

As the two ladies left the room to dress, Clara drew her chair up to the fire.

"Sing something for us, Colonel Bradford," said she, addressing him directly, for the first time that morning. "I feel so delightfully lazy to-day."

"What will you have?" he asked, running his fingers lightly over the keys; "the old songs, I suppose, are hardly worth repeating."

"True," she answered, quietly enough, though she winced inwardly; "but since you repudiate the old-time songs, you have, doubtless, been amusing yourself by learning an entirely new repertoire."

His eyes flashed so angrily that Mrs. Darrell saw it.

"Do you know that little song of Gumbert's?" he asked. "The music is not much, you know, but the sentiment! Ah! Mrs. Darrell, it would just suit your ideas and mine. I think I'll sing that, Miss Clara." And turning suddenly, he dashed into the song.

He sang delightfully, yet every word stung the languid listener by the fire.

"Smile again, my dearest love;
Weep not that I leave you;
I have chosen now to rove—
Bear it, though it grieve you.
See the sun, and moon, and stars,
Gleam the wide world over,
Whether near or whether far,
On your loving rovers!

"And the sea has ebb and flow;
Wind and cloud deceive us;
Summer heat and winter's snow,
Seek us but to leave us.
Thus the world grows old and new,
Why should you be stronger?
Long have I been true to you,
Now I'm true no longer!

"As no longer years my heart,
Or your smiles ensnare me,
Let me thank you, ere we part,
For the love you gave me.
See the May-flowers, wet with dew,
Ere their bloom is over;
Should I not return to you,
Find another lover?"

"What horrible sentiments," said Miss Travers's voice from the door. "I shall begin to quote to you, 'Men are deceivers ever!'"

"Begin!" echoed Mrs. Darrell; "I've been saying that loudly of Colonel Bradford, ever since he inhumanly deserted my standard."

"As if I could ever hope for constancy from such a little vandal as you are!" retorted he, holding open the door for the ladies to pass out. "Miss Clara, you promised to come and see us skate."

"We shall get there in the course of an hour," she answered, "au revoir!" But after the door closed after them, Clara went back to the library to write her letter. Write! She held the pen, certainly, and she got as far as the first line—but then she sat for a long while musing; and the mocking strain kept ringing on ever in her ears. "Now I'm true no longer!" Was it so? Had the power she once held of charming him to her side slipped away from her for ever, and was he enthralled by the spell of Miss Travers's wonderful eyes? But a keener intuition taught her that, to a woman towards whom he felt utterly indifferent, he would never have sung that song. If she still had the power of angering him, he had not forgotten.

"If I could but be certain," she thought; "that girl's remark about my camoes was certainly malice

prepense. Excessively bad taste, Miss Travers, and you are clever enough to have known better. Could he, dared he have told her! Oh, Graham, Graham! I cannot think you would so far betray me! It's hard work to continually kick against the pricks. At the next round I either win, or I lay down my arms."

And then Miss Van Courtland went up to her own room, and came down to find Mr. Tremaine waiting rather impatiently in the music-room.

She was in a wonderfully softened mood for her that morning; and she made herself so irresistibly charming that Mr. Tremaine completely lost his head; and before Miss Van Courtland quite knew what she was upon the brink of, he had proposed to her. They had walked very rapidly, and were upon the slope of the hill that brought them to the skaters. For a moment Clara was half inclined to be false to herself and accept him; he was a conquest that, belle as she was, was a triumph. He loved her, she knew, very tenderly, and he was pleading his cause in terms so manly that it touched her womanly compassion.

"I am so sorry, so very sorry," she began, and the tone of her voice was low and sad; "but it cannot be, Mr. Tremaine."

"Can you not give me a hope of winning you?" he implored. "I am very patient—I have learned how to wait. Tell me—may I ask it? Is there not some one whom you like more than me?"

The bright crimson rushed quickly over Clara's face and brow.

"You deserve an answer," she said; "and, humiliating as the admission is, I must say, yes."

"Clara!" he said, eagerly; but that moment a wild shriek from the river startled them both, and they turned to the shore. Just below where they were standing, the shore formed a pretty little cove, where the skaters usually practised; but to-day they had gone farther out towards the centre of the river; and to their horror, the two spectators saw in the distance only three figures upon the ice, and just beyond them a dark blue space, that told too plainly what had happened. The not very firm ice had broken through, and Colonel Bradford's was the missing form. In another instant, Mr. Clifford's shout came over to them:

"Go for assistance, Tremaine; and be quick, for heaven's sake!"

Clara turned as white as death.

"Don't mind me," she said, gasping for breath; and as Tremaine ran off in the direction of Thorndale, Miss Van Courtland ran down upon the ice. She was a skilful skater, and she kept her footing remarkably well on the smooth, slippery surface. Meantime the group on the ice had not been idle. After her first wild scream of terror, Miss Lewis sunk down, utterly helpless, from sheer terror and dismay.

Mr. Clifford threw himself upon his hands and knees, and crept cautiously along towards the chasm where Colonel Bradford had disappeared. But the ice cracked and swayed so beneath him, that he found it absolutely impossible to get any nearer than two or three rods.

"Mr. Clifford," exclaimed Miss Travers, "don't attempt it;" and as she spoke, she tore off her Indian shawl, and proceeded to tie a slip-knot in it. "Let me try now, my weight is less than yours, and I think I can get near enough to throw this."

A faint cry came to them from the broken ice; and in another minute, to their infinite relief, they caught a glimpse of Colonel Bradford's head as he rose.

"Steady a moment," cried Miss Travers's clear, bell-like tones in response. "I will throw you something in an instant." Then, as she moved forward, she looked at her shawl doubtfully.

"It is not long enough," said Clara's voice behind her; "take mine also, Miss Travers," and she knotted the two shawls tightly together, as she gasped out the words.

Breathlessly the little party watched Miss Travers as she crept along; finally she neared him sufficiently to throw the shawl. Clara felt, for that long minute, as if she were going mad—felt that almost the bitterest pain was in the fact that Miss Travers had gone to help him, while she, who loved him so, was compelled to inaction.

A moment's deadly anxiety, and then a cry of, "Thank heaven!" from Mr. Clifford. Colonel Bradford had safely caught the knotted end of the shawls; but they noticed that his face twitched nervously, as if in pain.

"Can you hold on?" called Miss Travers; and her relief was so great that she actually smiled. "You needn't be afraid of me, Colonel Bradford."

"I am not," he answered; "but I believe I've broken my right arm." Again Clara grew ill and faint; she absolutely could not utter a word, even to Carrie Lewis, who was crying hysterically beside her.

For full five minutes Miss Travers steadily held on;

and then, just as her strained muscles were beginning to give way, and her lips grew white, she heard the shout from the bank, and knew that half the Thorndale household were at hand. But she did not relinquish her hold, until she saw the men with ropes coming up from the other side, and Mr. Tremaine called to her that the danger was over. Then, without a glance or look at the busy crowd, Miss Travers walked back to the shore—Clara Van Courtland had disappeared.

Of course there was a grand hubbub and confusion of tongues as Colonel Bradford came along, leaning on Mr. Tremaine's arm. Everybody asked questions in a breath, and finally Miss Travers moved over to the colonel.

"You are injured," she said, anxiously, with a soft, long look of her beautiful eyes into his. "Let me advise you to get back to Thorndale as soon as possible, and have that arm attended to."

A sort of flush mounted to his face, his eyes kindled as they met hers, and he returned glance for glance as he replied. I think Graham Bradford had never been so near loving that woman as at that instant.

"You don't mean to let me thank you?" he said, softly; "but you will let me tell you, some time or other, will you not, what I think of this morning's work?" and turning away without another word from her, he got into the carriage to ride home.

As Miss Travers proceeded leisurely up the staircase, on her way to her own room, half an hour later, she met Clara coming down. Miss Van Courtland's face was very pale, but her smile was radiant as she spoke.

"Do you know you are a very brave woman, Miss Travers?" said she, extending her beautiful little hand; "you had the brain to devise, and the quickness to act, as very few could have done this morning. As one of Colonel Bradford's oldest friends, you will let me thank you."

In spite of herself, Miss Travers felt the magnetism of Clara's witching manner, and for the first time she took the delicate, patrician hand in her own.

"It is not worth the thanks," she said, quietly.

"You would have done the same; but I am, nevertheless, happy in having been worthy of Miss Van Courtland's rare praise." And then, as Miss Travers went on through the hall, she thought, "She compels me to respect her, after all; there was a real ring of sincerity about her, then. I have half a mind to give it up! She does love that man, while I—pshaw! if after this morning's work I do not win the day, you are welcome to your old lover, Clara Van Courtland."

The next day the guests at Thorndale decided that the snow, which was falling rapidly, would keep most of them from attending church. Colonel Bradford did not make his appearance at breakfast, and Mr. Tremaine reported that he was suffering considerably from his broken arm. The different ladies and gentlemen divided themselves into little coteries, and Clara went off to her room, "to write letters," she said. Miss Travers after awhile grew tired of the tide of badinage, which was flying fast and furious around Mrs. Darrell and herself, and contrived to slip quietly away to the library. But as she opened the door, she saw (what she had a presentiment was to be her good fortune) Colonel Bradford seated languidly in the easy-chair by the fire, looking weary enough from his sleepless night, and—though Miss Travers was not aware of this last—his unhappy, unquiet thoughts. But he gave a genuine smile of pleasure as she sat down beside him.

"Think of my being so perverse as to get permission to be down stairs! It was so doleful up in my room, and I never had a penchant for watching snow-flakes. I hope your hands and arms are not suffering from the severe strain you must have given them! Ah! how shall I ever thank you for what you did?"

"Do you think I need your thanks?" she said, and her fine eyes actually filled with tears, so entirely did she enter into the part she was acting. "It's enough that I see you safe here!"

The handsome colonel grew dreadfully uncomfortable. In the sleepless hours of the past night he had arrived at the conclusion that his hitherto rather desperate flirtation with Miss Travers, all things considered, had best go no farther; and as he thought it over, he comforted himself by saying that she was one of the cool, keen sort, who understood that sort of thing. To do him justice, he was perfectly free from vanity; and it never occurred to him to imagine that Miss Travers might grow sentimental.

"I'm aware the said thanks are not worth much," answered he, trying to laugh it off. "Can't I do something for you, Miss Travers? I am boiling over with pent-up energy!" Then, a trifle more seriously, "Really, you must let me tell you how exceedingly I admired your coolness. What proof can I give you that I really mean what I say? You

look incredulous; I know what an unbeliever you are in my good faith."

For a moment she gazed past him into the fire; then she spoke with trembling voice:

"I should like something—so much that I fear to ask it."

"What is the woman driving at?" he thought, impatiently, but he said:

"What wonderful request are you about to make that requires such a preface? Surely, you can ask nothing of me that I would be unwilling to grant, if I be able."

"There is but one thing," she said, a little eagerly, "that I desire, and that not from its intrinsic value, but as a souvenir of you. Are you willing to give me your ring, the Enterpe head?"

He sat upright in his chair—this was getting serious, and a burning flush crept over his face.

"I had rather you asked me for half my possessions," he said. "Do not think me ungracious—above all, do not imagine me ungrateful; but there is, believe me, an urgent reason why I cannot part with that ring."

She looked at him with an odd, malicious smile, as she half arose from her chair.

"Pardon me," she said, gently, "like my Lord Bassanio, you teach me how a beggar should be answered."

For Miss Travers felt that she had played her last trump—and lost!

Perhaps, for an instant, as Colonel Bradford saw her turn towards the door, he wavered in his resolution, and almost made up his mind to tell her all about it. But before him rose a calm, proud face—a face that said reproachfully, "Will you betray me?" And Bradford swore to himself that he would not, even as he addressed her.

"Do not go away angry," he said, "you and I have been too good friends for that; and do not try to make me feel as if I had been using you ill, for my conscience acquits me."

The glance she flashed at him was as haughty as Clara's might have been.

"I angry!" she replied, with a mocking laugh; "forget all that I have said this morning, Colonel Bradford, and consider that, for the past few months, we have been learning how to conjugate the verb *s'amuser*!"

But as she walked out of the room, and closed the door behind her, she felt as if she had left to her but a handful of ashes; for, hard and calculating as she was, what heart she possessed had gone forth to Graham Bradford. A better, or a worse woman, would possibly have softened under so entire a defeat; but as she passed the music-room, and saw Miss Van Courtland sitting alone at the piano, she bit her lip until the blood came, and went up stairs, hating her proud, beautiful rival more bitterly than ever.

D. V.

THE QUEEN'S NAME.—The baptismal names of our present Queen were Alexandrina and Victoria. Alexandrina was meant by George the Fourth to be the future title of our English Queen, the future fashionable name in noble and gentle houses. The Hon. Miss Murray says:—"It was believed that the Duke of Kent wished to name his child Elizabeth, that being a popular name with the English people; but the Prince Regent, who was not kind to his brothers, gave notice that he should stand in person as one godfather, and that the Emperor of Russia was to be another. At the ceremony of baptism, when asked by the Archbishop of Canterbury to name the infant, the Prince Regent gave only the name of Alexandrina; the Duke requested one other name might be added—"Give her the mother's also then; but," he added, "it cannot precede that of the Emperor." The Queen, on her accession, commanded that she should be proclaimed as Victoria only."

The Annual General meeting of the Royal Literary Fund was held recently, under the presidency of Lord Stanhope. The Reports read stated that the sum of 7841. had been produced during the past year in dividends from the permanent fund. The permanent fund now amounted to 26,3001., producing an annual dividend of 7891. The stock of the Newton property consisted of 8,1671. in Three per cents. Reduced, producing an annual dividend of 2451. The sum received in rents during the past year, including a quarter's rent under the new lease of the Newton estate, amounted to 2741. 5s. The grants awarded in 1867 numbered 43, and amounted to 1,2701. The grants were classified as follows:—History and Biography, 6; Biblical Literature, 1; Science and Art, 6; Periodical Literature, 2; Topography and Travels 5; Classical Literature and Education, 4; Poetry, 6; Essays and Tales, 7; Drama, 2; Medicine, 1; Law, 1; and Miscellaneous, 2. Nineteen authors had been relieved for the first time, six for the second, two for the third, eight for the fourth, three for the fifth,

one for the seventh, one for the ninth, and three for the tenth time. Of these 27 were males, and 16 females. Of the latter six were actresses, six widows, and four orphans. There had been awarded four grants of 101. each, three of 151. each, six of 201. each, six of 251. each, two of 301. each, eight of 401. each, seven of 501. each, one of 751. and five of 1001. each.

MICHELDEVER.

CHAPTER I.

A TRAVELLER on foot was passing through a wild mountain gorge, into which he had ventured in search of the picturesque. He had been many weeks wandering through the grand scenery of Micheldever, sketch-book in hand, and his portfolio contained many studies that would have been valuable to one who really belonged to the craft this spoiled child of fortune had chosen, for the time, to adopt as his own, to give piquancy to his summer rambles.

His lithe and active figure, his debonaire and finely cut features, might have rendered him the beau ideal of a young artist to the romantic fancy of an inexperienced girl, but to those who could read character, those smiling lips, and sparkling eyes, betrayed something more than the gay carelessness of youth. The dark silky moustache that curled above the former, did not conceal the sensuous fullness of the mouth, nor could the smile that lurked in the vivid black eyes veil the hard expression that at moments shone from them.

He carried his portfolio and portable stool strapped upon his back, but his step was as buoyant as if no such burden rested upon him. He sang as he went, in a deep musical voice, which was echoed back from the sides of the narrow pass through which he was making his way. The rocky walls arose clear and smooth above his head, with patches of parasitic plants clinging to them, and beneath his feet was the narrow rocky bed of a stream, that sometimes swelled suddenly with a torrent. Now, it was but a shallow thread of water, and it was difficult to imagine that a heavy shower would in a few moments render the desolate gorge most dangerous.

Suddenly the music of his voice was drowned by a loud, sharp peal of thunder, that reverberated through the defile with almost deafening power. He paused abruptly, and muttered:

"This is bad—bad—a storm sweeping through this narrow gulf, will take me from my feet, perhaps drown me in the torrent that may pour through it, before I can effect my escape," and he glanced ruefully at the limestone walls that enclosed him, and with dismay saw that the high-water mark was far above his head.

Walter Thorne had been warned when he spoke of venturing through this narrow pass, that the slender stream which flowed over its rocky bed, might swell into a miniature torrent if a storm arose, but he had not heeded the words of his host of the previous night. The gorge afforded a short cut to the point he wished to reach, and with characteristic recklessness he had chosen to risk it, though assured that sudden and violent storms were frequent at that sultry season of the year.

Now, it was too late to return; he knew that he was more than half way through the pass, and his only chance of safety lay in accomplishing the remainder of the distance before the storm burst over him, or the stream could rise to a height sufficient to endanger him.

He pressed forward as rapidly as the roughness of the road permitted, but very soon the rain came down so heavily as to resemble the fall of a cataract, more than a summer shower; the thunder crashed incessantly above him, and the lightning darted down the narrow defile with such vivid power as almost to blind him.

The wanderer looked around for some spot in which to shelter himself, but he could descry none, for the rocky strata in their upheaval seemed to have been rent asunder by some mighty convulsion of nature, leaving the sides of the gorge a smooth wall of limestone, towering a hundred feet above him.

But Walter Thorne battled with the rapidly increasing dangers that surrounded him, with a tenacity and bravery which proved that he had not lost his self-command, and did not intend to lose his life, if coolness and presence of mind could save it. The water was rising above the narrow path on which he walked, each moment increasing its momentum, and he knew that in a little while he would be unable to resist its violent sweep. He had yet more than a mile to traverse before he could gain the point, from which he was aware the gathering waters would fall over beeling crags into a subterranean reservoir many feet below. From this tarn he had been assured nothing ever arose that was once swallowed in its remorseless depths.

His blood turned to ice as he remembered this, but hope came back as he thought that one chance of safety remained to him. He had in his portfolio an accurate drawing of the point of debouchement, which had been given to him by one of his brother artists who had visited this wild spot the previous year. He knew that a large boulder arose at the extremity of the pass, dividing the water that rushed through it in two streams before they fell into the tarn below, and into one of these jutted a narrow tongue of land on which grew stunted hemlocks and pines. He trusted to his strength and activity to grasp at these as he was whirled along, and again make good his footing on *terra firma*.

He was a strong swimmer, and as the water gained on him, increasing each moment in force, he unstrapped his burden, and, with a sigh, saw the fruit of his labours swept past him, and whirled out of sight in a moment of time.

His next movement was to watch carefully a floating log which was dashed madly towards him, threatening to crush him against the rocky sides of his prison. In another moment he was astride of it, with a broken bough in his hands, which was also a waif from the angry waters. With this he was to battle his way to safety, and as far as possible, shield himself from the dangers that encompassed him; for heavy drift-wood came rushing down on the mad tide, which increased in depth and velocity with every moment, and it required all the dexterity and skill at his command, to save himself from a fatal collision with them.

But his self-possession and courage did not for a moment desert him; for on these he knew the preservation of his life depended. With coolness and precision, he steered the broad log on which he sat, and luckily for him, a few gnarled and withered branches still jutted from its sides, affording some protection to his limbs from the drift-wood that surged upon the turbid tide.

Thorne knew that the struggle could not be long continued, for the velocity with which he was hurried onward must soon bring him to the outlet where the greatest danger must be met, and baffled, or the deep waters would close over him, leaving no record behind them, and his fate remain a mystery to the end of time.

He set his teeth firmly together, fixed his eyes upon the seething flood, warding off every threatened danger, yet reserving his strength as much as possible for the crowning effort that he knew must task all the powers he possessed. In spite of the imminent danger in which he was, to this man there was a wild sense of power and enjoyment in this mad struggle for existence. He would yet baffle the might of the elements, and conquer the seething torrent that seemed to roar in his ears:

"You are mine—you cannot escape me. Down—down with the whelming tide shall you go, and be seen no more among men."

Reckless of its power, he could have shouted back defiance, had he dared to exhaust his breath in such vain mockery of nature's might. He knew that he must reserve every atom of strength for that last supreme effort to escape the doom that menaced him; so he sternly closed his lips, raised his eyes to the widening gloam of light, which assured him that the terrible moment approached, and prepared himself for the awful crisis in his destiny.

As the frail support on which he sat drew near the verge of the fall, the velocity of the swelling flood increased; and, for an instant, the despairing thought came to him that his fate was beyond his own control; another moment, and he would be crushed upon the ruthless rocks and dashed, shapeless and senseless, into the abyss below.

But the very imminence of the danger restored his courage. He steadied his position upon his frail support, and made herculean efforts to guide it towards the tuft of hemlocks, which grew upon the scanty soil which had collected on the rocky surface in the progress of ages.

All his efforts would have been unavailing but for a sudden curve made by the torrent in the direction he wished to take. The immense rock imbedded near the edge of the fall divided the waters, and, as they struck against it, an eddy was formed which, luckily for him, dashed him within reach of the scrubby trees which were partially submerged.

With an effort of almost supernatural strength he sprang towards them, grasped the branches with all his force, and, in spite of the wild waves that seethed around him, succeeded in retaining his hold, till he had extricated himself from the log, which, the next instant, was dashed over the brow of the precipice.

In another moment he lay panting and breathless on a small mound of earth lifted above the leaping waters, with boulders of rock heaped up behind it. He grew faint and sick as he watched the log that had borne him to safety, crash through the narrow

pass and disappear in the depths below; and for once he cried, "Thank heaven!" for the imminent danger he had escaped.

Bruised and exhausted by his late efforts, Thorne had barely strength enough left to draw himself gradually upward, and sit down upon the grass at the foot of the rocks. His right arm pained him severely, and he felt certain that he had seriously injured it; but whether to go for assistance, or what to do next, he could not yet determine. He was a stranger in the country—a mere sojourner—and the thought of being ill among the rude people who, he supposed, inhabited the secluded valley he had sought, with no intention of remaining in it more than a few hours, was extremely annoying to him.

He began to shiver in his wet clothes, and a few imprecations escaped his lips against his own wilfulness, in venturing through this dangerous gorge in defiance of all that had been told him of the perils he might have to encounter.

With bitter philosophy he, at length, muttered: "What can't be cured must be endured. Hungry as a wolf, and with a disabled arm! Ugh! what a twinge that was! it pains confoundedly! I wish the rain would cease and allow me, at least, a glimpse of the scenery I have risked so much to behold."

Almost as he spoke the rain began to slacken, and, in a few more moments, the clouds parted, letting through a glimpse of sunlight that lit up the whole panorama with sudden glory. The thunder rolled away in the distance, the lightning flashed at longer intervals, and gradually the turmoil of the elements ceased.

The mist that shrouded the valley below him rolled away; and, though suffering as he was, the young traveller acknowledged that the scene before him was almost worth what he had encountered in his pilgrimage towards it.

His vision extended over miles of broken country girdled in by mountains veiled in bluish mist, which rose above each other till they seemed almost to reach the clouds.

A narrow thread of gleaming water wound its way through the deepest portion of the vale, and on its banks stood the ruins of what seemed once to have been a stately mansion, but which had been partially destroyed by fire.

With an appreciative glance at the scene, Thorne arose, and muttered:

"It is as fine as Vernon said, but it seems to me that I shall pay too heavy a price for a sight of it. I must not stay here admiring the beauties of nature, while a chill like that of death is penetrating to my very marrow. It's a lucky thing for me that a shelter is near. It does not look very prepossessing, but, such as it is, I must try my luck with its owners."

While speaking thus, he looked around for some means of descending into the valley, and he soon discovered a narrow pathway leading round the edge of the stone wall, which ended abruptly there. A few paces brought him to a flight of steps cut in the soft limestone, which wound gradually downward till they reached the verdant turf below.

Walter Thorne cautiously descended the rough way; for, more than once, his usually clear head became giddy from fatigue and over-exertion. On reaching the earth below, he leaned for a few moments against a tree, and surveyed the peaceful spot, so lately the scene of the fierce turmoil of the elements, now as serene as if no storm had ever swept over it.

From the precipitous cliff above him poured the stream in which he had so nearly lost his life, leaping over a second ledge of rock and burying itself in a black, sullen-looking pool at its base, the depth of which had never been sounded. Whether the water was carried that fell into it no one knew, though it was believed that, after making its way for miles under ground, it debouched at a point below, into the narrow stream that meandered through the valley, which, at that spot, suddenly swelled into a small river.

Walter Thorne shuddered as he gazed into the dark tarn, and thought how nearly it had proved his grave, but he aroused himself from his reverie, and moved slowly forward upon a faintly defined pathway, till he came to a rustic bridge formed by two large logs fastened together by withes of grapevine, and secured by sticks driven into the ground at either end.

To this primitive structure there was no railing, and he began to feel so much exhausted that he was glad to find a stick to steady his steps over it. He gained the opposite bank in safety, and with some effort ascended the rugged eminence on which stood the half-ruined building he had first noticed.

There were evident signs of habitation about the western wing, and he moved at once towards a gate which opened into a green yard, shaded by a group of forest trees. The brick walls were covered with ivy, which had encroached even

upon the roof, making a nest of verdure that was pleasing to the eye, and the pillars of the portico were draped with long wreaths of the multiflora rose, mingled with honeysuckle.

"Really these people must have some ideas of civilization," was the thought which passed through the intruder's mind. "I am glad that I have not fallen among barbarians after all."

As he drew nearer, he saw that a wooden cage hung outside one of the windows, in which was a bird; and he noticed that a bouquet of flowers, rather artistically arranged, had lately been placed in a small vase within it.

"A touch of feminine taste there," he said to himself, with a half smile. "I hope the owner of the bird is young and pretty. My adventure, after all, may lead to something pleasant. By Jove! there should be some compensation for I feel as if I am half battered to pieces. Ugh! how my arm tingles with pain."

He ascended the flight of steps, and the approach caused a sudden flutter of drapery near the open door. A white muslin curtain was put back from the window nearest to it, and the face of a very young girl looked out, wearing an expression of doubt and alarm.

The forlorn and muddy figure that greeted her eyes did not re-assure her, for she uttered a little cry, and rushed towards an inner room, calling out: "Father, *mon père*, come hither—come quickly—there is a stranger here."

The clear, ringing tones of Walter Thorne's voice arose to reassure her.

"I entreat that you will not be alarmed, young lady. I have met with an accident, and nearly lost my life. I was compelled to apply at the nearest house for assistance, for I am in a sad plight. I am wet through, as you can see, and I fear that my right arm is broken."

Arrested in her flight, struck by the refined and gentlemanly tone of the speaker, the girl turned and looked at the handsome face, the well-knit figure, that by this time stood in the doorway, and she impulsively drew nearer to him as he spoke of the injury he had received.

She was very young—at that point of life in which childhood and maidenhood meet, for she could scarcely have been fifteen years of age. Her figure was light and symmetrical, promising in full development extreme elegance. Her complexion was of that pale, creamy tint which needs no embellishment from the roses of youth. Her hair, of the darkest shade of brown, with a gleam of gold running through it, waved in short curls around a well-formed and haughtily set head.

The face was a clear oval, with beautifully moulded features. The eyes matched the colour of her hair, for they were hazel, and so soft, lustrous and expressive, that the black orbs which looked into them, were at once charmed with their expression.

The manner and language of the stranger had reassured her, for, young and inexperienced as she was, she knew that the graceful courtesy with which he had addressed her, could belong only to one who had received the culture of a gentleman.

Seeing that he was pale, and scarcely able to sustain himself, her tender heart prompted her to succour him at once. A large leather-covered chair stood near the door, and pointing to it, she simply said:

"My father never refuses aid and shelter to those who need it. Enter, and be seated till I can summon him to speak with you."

Walter Thorne sank into its depths with a weary sigh, and said:

"Thank you. I am very faint—will you give me some water, if you please?"

The girl silently filled a gourd from a cedar bucket that was placed on a shelf outside one of the windows, and offered it to him. After quaffing it he looked gratefully into the bewildering eyes bent so seriously upon him, and said:

"Beautiful Hebe, I thank you for this nectar."

With a demure smile, in which there was much mischief, she replied:

"My name is not Hebe, sir. It is Claire—Claire Rosine Lapierre. I am not used to hearing compliments, and my father will be apt to send you away, if he finds that you are trying to turn my head, as he would call it."

"What, would he turn me out in my present wretched condition for so venial an offence as that? It would be too barbarous a proceeding, and I must believe that you are slandering your respectable paternal progenitor. When the sun shines we say the day is charming, then why, when one meets with a perfectly beautiful girl, shall we not express the rapture her presence inspires?"

The cottage maiden drew back with an air of offended pride that surprised him from one in her apparent lonely condition.

Thorne glanced around the large room; its appointments were extremely humble; a pine table stood between the two windows, on which was placed a china mug, filled with flowers, the only evidence of refinement to be seen.

But the dress of the young girl was more fashionably made than might have been expected from her surroundings. The hands were small and shapely, and Walter Thorne had penetration enough to see that she did not belong to the class of ignorant poor, in which he had at first placed her.

He hastened to atone for his dippancy by saying: "Pardon me, my fair Egeria; I am very faint and weak, and my poor brain is whirling to that degree, that I scarcely know what I am saying: attribute any eccentricities on my part to that cause, I entreat."

He sunk back, looking so pale that the kind heart of Claire was moved to deeper sympathy than before, and she hastily said:

"I will summon assistance, sir, for you greatly need it. My father was not within hearing when I called him, but our old servant will know what to do for you."

She flitted away, though he would have made an effort to detain her, if his voice had not suddenly failed him, and darkness came over his vision. In a few moments an old servant entered the room, and to her dismay found that the strange guest had fallen back in his chair, partially insensible.

The woman hastened to bathe his face, and use other efforts to restore him.

"Yes, I am rather under the weather at present, that's a truth," said Thorne, unclosing his eyes, and smiling faintly; "but I shall be better presently, old lady. Pray tell me where I am, and to whose hospitality I am indebted for shelter."

The woman recovered from the confusion and astonishment into which his sudden revival had thrown her, and hastened to give him more particulars of his host than he had expected to hear at so early a stage of their acquaintance.

"Well, mister, you are in the Happy Valley, as my Rosebud calls it; she says it's the most peaceful place on the face of the earth. The old gentleman, her father, is a mincing, pining, hoity-toity old creature from foreign parts, what makes his livin' by teachin' music an' dancin' to my misseses children, Mrs. Courtenay, of the Grange. Leastways there ain't but one of them left at home now, an' she lets Monsher Laperre live in this here place rent free, an' 'lows me to stay w' him an' his darter to do their work."

"Mr. Lapierre is a music and dancing master, then?"

"Dancing master?" asked the woman, in an offended tone.

"The Madame is a grand lady, and she calls him Miss Julia's teacher; he teaches her many things 'sides dancin', tho' he do beat all in that—you'd say so, too, if you saw him spinnin' around this room with Miss Claire, a singin' 'tra la la, an' sometimes a playin' on his old fiddle, till you'd think he'd bring the soul out of it. It would make your head spin to see 'em."

"I hope I shall yet have that pleasure, but just now my head spins enough from weakness. If you can give me a bed to lie down upon, and bring me a doctor to look after my arm, I shall be very glad. I am afraid it is badly dislocated."

She opened a door, which gave entrance into a smaller apartment, in which was a bed with a white dimity coverlet, a small table, and a large arm-chair cushioned and covered with chintz.

As she assisted the young stranger into this neat looking chamber, the tones of a violin became more distinct. The strain was wild and spirit-stirring, and it was played with a power and passionate fervour that surprised Walter Thorne, for he had heard much good music, and with delight he recognized the touch of a master on the instrument he most highly prized.

Suddenly the music ceased, only a few long-drawn chords reached his ear, and he correctly supposed that the musician had encountered his daughter, and had ceased playing to listen to the news of his own advent at the cottage, and the great need of assistance in which he stood.

By this time he heard their approaching footsteps in the outer room. Walter Thorne was lying back in the large chair beside the bed, pallid and suffering, scarcely conscious of the efforts of the old woman to place him in a more comfortable position than he had thrown himself in.

CHAPTER II.

A SMALL, dark man approached the doorway, and stood an instant contemplating the wail the storm had sent him. Apparently he was not well pleased with the chance that threw this haughty looking

young stranger on his hospitality, but the expression of annoyance passed from his face when he saw that he was really suffering.

M. Lapierre was a slender, wiry looking man, with eyes of vivid blackness, and a wild elvish looking head of hair thickly sprinkled with gray. He had a low, broad forehead, and thin firmly-set lips, which showed that a resolution once arrived at was seldom departed from. He wore a full suit of white linen, and his nationality was betrayed by the care with which the ribbon that confined his shirt collar was arranged.

He had deposited his violin on the table in the outer room, and he now drew near the bed and spoke, with a strong foreign accent, but with perfect propriety of expression:

"Ah! ah! Monsieur—caught in the storm, I perceive, and pretty well drenched. It was fortunate that my house was near enough to afford you shelter, for you seem to be in a bad plight. I have not much to offer, but such as our humble fare is, you are welcome to share it. Be quick, Betty, and get some dry garments for the gentleman. I think that I can manage his case without much difficulty."

"I don't think you can," bluntly replied Betty, "for he says his arm's broke, and he wants a doctor sent for immediately."

M. Lapierre made a step forward, looking less alarmed than the woman had expected. He coolly said:

"It may not be quite so bad as that, but I shall soon be able to judge. Even if there should be a trifling fracture, I understand what is to be done, and it is lucky that I do, for the nearest physician is ten miles away. Permit me to help you off with your coat, sir, that I may form my own judgment of the injury your arm has sustained. Go at once, Betty, and find some dry clothes."

For a moment Lapierre seemed to hesitate about the order he finally gave, and a strange spasm passed over his face as he said:

"Open the carved chest in the closet in my chamber, and you will find linen in that which this young man can wear. A dressing-gown will also be found among the things, which will answer our purpose. Yet no. I do not wish you to open it. Tell Claire to look for the key of the chest in my writing-desk, open it herself, and give you what I named."

Claire, who lingered in the outer room, heard this order given with extreme surprise, for that chest had been a mystery to her from her childhood. It had been kept carefully locked, and her father had always evaded her questions as to what it contained. Of course she was glad to explore it herself, and she went at once on the errand assigned her. After some time had elapsed, Betty came back, bringing a broadened dressing-robe of gay colours, and several garments of fine linen.

The old man sighed heavily as he glanced at them, but he seemed to smother the painful feelings, and briskly said:

"Now, sir, we can make you comfortable. You have already been too long in your wet clothes. I will assist you to change them, and look more carefully into your condition. Your arm hangs almost useless, but I think I can remedy the injury it has received. A surgeon is out of the question in this retired place, and you will have to put up with my skill, such as it is."

"But, my dear sir," remonstrated the patient, "I am afraid that my arm is broken. I have money, the expense of a surgeon will be no object to me, and if it be possible to obtain one, I entreat that he may be summoned to my assistance."

"I have already said he would come too late to be of any service to you," said M. Lapierre, dryly. "By the time he could get here, your arm would be so swollen that he would find it impossible to reduce the fracture properly, if fracture there be. I possess some trifling skill in surgery, and I can soon judge if the case be beyond my management. Allow me to examine your condition, if you please."

His tone and manner were so decided that the younger man thought it best to submit, and with the dexterous assistance of the Frenchman, he was soon habited in the dry garments that had been provided. M. Lapierre's quick eyes speedily ascertained the extent of his injuries. He laid bare the shoulder, and said:

"You have dislocated your collar-bone and sprained your arm severely, but that is all. With Betty's assistance, I can bring the first in place again, and in a few days with care you will do well enough. I am glad it's no worse, for Dr. Bledsoe may be fifty miles away for aught I know, even if we had any one to send for him. You can bear a sharp pang, I think, and then the worst will be over."

"I must bear it, of course," was the rather ungracious reply; "but are you sure that your skill will suffice?"

"Sure? Oh yes. You shall soon see that I am quite equal to the occasion. Here, Betty, I want you."

The old woman came at his call, and with prompt decision M. Lapierre gave her such directions as were necessary. Claire, who stood in the outer room listening in trembling silence, heard a faint cry as the dislocated part was pulled in place, and she hastened to bring camphor and lavender for the use of the suffering patient.

By the time she returned with them the shoulder had been carefully bandaged, the patient put in bed and lightly covered, while his bare arm was laid out on the coverlet, to be rubbed and swathed in linen in its turn.

As Claire appeared with the restoratives, M. Lapierre said:

"Well, my young friend, that was well done. I flatter myself; and I may say that you endured it well—very well. It is no trifle to have one's bones wrenched back to the right place, and you are faint and pale, as a natural consequence of such an operation. Here, *ma fille*, bathe his face with the lavender, while I foment the bruised arm with camphor, and tie it up. No bones are broken at all, sir; all right enough there, and we shall have you about in a few days."

"I hope so," was the faint reply, "and I am sure I am extremely obliged to you, sir, for your ready assistance."

"By no means; you need not trouble yourself to express gratitude, for I haven't much faith in it. I would help any one that had received any bodily injury which could be remedied by my skill."

(To be continued.)

FACETIÆ.

In Germany, when a paper says anything witty, they kill the editor; and not one editor has been killed there for two hundred years.

SOUND SLEEPER.—A man meeting his friend, said, "I spoke to you last night in a dream."—"Pardon me," replied the other, "I did not hear you."

"Is your house a warm one, landlord?" asked a man in search of a tenement—"It ought to be; the painter gave it two coats recently," was the reply.

The Minister of War has got another secret cannon for sieges. A quantity has been sent to Poulton and Marseilles, sealed up and otherwise secured against intrusion. The cannon are there to be stored—in case of need.

"THE MIXTURE AS BEFORE."

A gentleman who had an Irish servant, having stopped at an inn for several days, desired to have a bill, and found a large quantity of port placed to his servant's account, and questioned him about it.

"Please your honour," cried Pat, "do read how many they charge me."

The gentleman began, "One bottle port, one ditto, one ditto, one ditto."

"Stop, stop, stop, master," exclaimed Paddy, "they are cheating you. I know I had some bottles of their port, but I did not taste a drop of their ditto."

HAND AND GLOVE.—A dyer, in a court of justice, being ordered to hold up his hand, that was all black; "Take off your glove, friend," said the judge to him. "Put on your spectacles, my lord," answered the dyer.

"Why do you always travel third-class?" asked a gentleman of a miser. "Because there's no fourth," was the unexpected but satisfactory reply.

PARIS is fasting on eggs dressed in 227 different ways. Of one dish, known as timballe, there are sixteen varieties; of omelets alone there are twenty-three species considered as exquisite above their fellows.

In the "Fools' Procession" at the Carnival at Cologne the other day were five typical "English travellers," riding on donkeys, and each with a copy of "Baedeker's Handbook" under his arm.

A LIGHT STUDY.—As a worthy city baronet was gazing one evening at the gas-light in front of the Mansion-house, an old acquaintance came up to him and said, "Well, Sir William, are you studying astronomy?" "No, sir," replied the alderman, "I am studying gas-tronomy."

A SPRIG OF SHILLALAH.—A fellow on the quay, thinking to quia a poor Irishman, asked him, "How do the potatoes cat now, Pat?" The Irish lad, who happened to have a shillalah in his hand, answered, "Oh! they cat very well, my jewel, would you like to taste the stalk?" and knocking the inquirer down, coolly walked off.

One day last week a good deal of excitement prevailed among the passengers by the first train from Whitby to Malton, in consequence of the elopement of a man with a young woman, said to be a farmer's daughter. He had been paying Mr. addresses to two

girls, both of whom appeared at the Whitby Station with one he wished to be "off," and between Whitby and Grosmont Junction some arrangement had been come to, and he was allowed to proceed with the companion of his choice. With her he proceeded to Malton. Before their arrival the following telegram had been received at Malton:—"First train. See gentleman, called——; married man; eloped with lady; tell his friends at Malton. See guard. Reply back paid for." This news spread like wildfire, and being the busiest part of the day, the truant pair on being recognized became the observed of all observers. They took refuge in the refreshment-rooms, where they were regarded as being a newly-married couple, and much indignation was evinced by the young ladies behind the counter at the impertinent intrusion of the outsiders on the supposed bridal pair. Whenever they appeared they were followed by the crowd. They begged hard for a fair start, and finally left by the London train. As soon as the train was gone the following reply was sent to Whitby:—"Run-away pair recognised; wouldn't be separated; very happy; gone forward to London. Begged hard for a start before telegraphing back to Whitby."

THE NEW DISEASE.

"We've lost a great many hogs this season by the new disease," said an Indian to a traveller.

"The new disease—what's that?"

"Lightnin', sir; it takes 'em awful sudden, and they dies without a single squeal."

AN HONEST HORSE.—A dealer once, selling a nag to a gentleman, frequently observed, with emphatic earnestness, that "he was an honest horse." After the purchase the gentleman asked him what he meant by an honest horse. "Why, sir," replied the seller, "whenever I rode him he always threatened to throw me, and he certainly never deceived me."

The following advertisement appears in the columns of a contemporary:—"A gentleman is desirous of taking lessons in dog-dancing. Address, &c." Who can this gentleman be? and to what evening parties is he invited to show off his newly-acquired talent? The consternation of his partner on being informed of the secret would be great. Young ladies had better look out, to see if they observe anything peculiar in the style of their partners. If so, they may put them down at once as dog-dancers.

The following is a verbatim copy of a sign formerly to be seen over a shoemaker's shop in the village of Henllan, near Denbigh. The schoolmaster would seem to have been in a very bad way when the sign was written and composed:—"Eryce Dyas, Coblar, daler in Bacco Shag and Pigtail, Bacon and Gnarbrod Eggs laid every morning by me, and very good Paradise, in the Summer Gentlemen and Lady can have good Tea and Grumquets, and Strawberry with a scim milk, because I can't get no cream. N.B. Shuse and Boots mended very well."

PLEASANT IN A TENANT.

Landlord: "Good morning, Mr. Jones. Fine day, sir. I've taken the liberty of bringing a receipt for a quarter's rent."

Tenant: "Oh, ah! Due last week—you're quick on quarter day, Mr. Brown. By the way, do you know that none of the doors in this house will shut?"

Landlord: "New house, you know, sir. Must have time to settle."

Tenant: "And so must I, Mr. Brown. Good morning. [Exit Landlord, unpaid, but unconvinced.]

A WELSH WIG-GING.—An Englishman and a Welshman disputing in whose country was the best living, said the Welshman, "There is such noble house-keeping in Wales, that I have known above a dozen cooks employed at one wedding dinner." "Ah," answered the Englishman, "that was because every man toasted his own cheese."

WORTH THE MONEY.—Sir Robert Walpole having misquoted a passage in Horace, Mr. Pulteney said that the honourable gentleman's Latin was as bad as his politics. Sir Robert adhered to his version, and bet his opponent a guinea that he was right, proposing Mr. Harding as arbiter. The bet being accepted, Harding rose, and with ludicrous solemnity gave his decision against his patron. "The guinea was thrown across the House, and when Pulteney stopped to pick it up, he observed, that 'It was the first public money he had touched for a long time.' After his death the guinea was found wrapped up in a piece of paper on which the circumstance was recorded."

TRYING TO LAY A WELSH GHOST.—Abernant, near Aberdare, is at present in the enjoyment of a ghost, locally certified as the spirit of the deceased wife of a workman, who had threatened her husband before her death that she would haunt him if he ill-treated her children, and who seems to have had reason for keeping her word. The spiritual influence

is chiefly manifested by jugs, chairs, and tables, jumping about the house; but the ex-parish constable, who was sent for to lay the ghost, was made the subject of a different manifestation. In reply to a solemn request he received a blow with a stone, and was laid himself instead of laying the ghost. The police were sent for, and they tied the deceased's daughter's hands, thinking she was at the bottom of the affair, but the latest accounts say the ghost continues its manifestations.

A GENTLEMAN was once riding in Scotland by a bleaching ground, where a woman was at work watering her webs of linen cloth. He asked her where she went to church, what she heard on the preceding day, and how much she remembered. She could not even tell the text of the last sermon. "And what good can the preaching do you," said he, "if you forget it all?" "Ah, sir," replied the poor woman, "if you look at this web on the grass, you will see that as fast as ever I put the water on it the sun dries it all up; and yet, sir, see it grows whiter and whiter."

WOMAN'S WORD-BOOK.

FOR THE USE OF OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

Cockle.—A term only applicable to female poultry. **Cajolery.**—A powerful arm allowed too often to rust after marriage.

Calf.—Faddling my dear. A part of the stocking trade.

Call, to make.—The eleventh commandment.

Canter.—Two hours' hard gallop on the high road.

Captain.—A uniform expression for anyone connected with the army, navy, or volunteers.

Carass.—An expensive luxury.

Change.—The subject.

Chop.—A roast leg of mutton at lunch.

Church.—In London, the Sunday opera. In the country, quiet digestion.

Circle, our.—Grosvenor or Belgrave square.

Class.—A lovely hand driven to extremities.

Clergyman.—When young, an excellent substitute for the military; when old, a necessary accompaniment to wedding-cake.

Coffin.—A private box we are all presented with when the curtain rises on eternity.

Colour.—A charm given by Nature in the country and sold by Art in the metropolis.

Company.—The shades of evening.

Compliment.—An involuntary recognition of merit.

Confession.—A trap to catch a sunbeam. The ray renders darker what is left concealed.

—Tomahawk.

PROVERB FOR HUSBANDS.—Where suspicion finds one fault it creates twenty.—Tomahawk.

TREASURY RESERVE.—The amount of the Abyssinian war.—Owl.

THE DIFFERENCE between You and I, as the ingenious Gladstone said to the ingenious Disraeli.—Owl.

THE RIVALS.

Head masters of two rival schools,

Their sway contrasts in its conditions;

Gladstone his boys by scolding rules,

And Disraeli his, by impositions. Owl.

A BILL is in course of preparation by the Lord Advocate to amend the Law of Entail in Scotland. The principal object in view is to afford facilities to landowners to "fou" entailed estates for building purposes.—Owl.

IN VINO VERITAS.—The *Wine Trade Review* notices that David Garrick and Mr. Toole both quitted the wine trade for the stage. Too many actors take their wine on with them.—Fun.

THE SEAT OF LEARNING.—Scriblerus was endeavouring to console a friend who had been severely handled by the reviewers. "Tis useless," said Scriblerus, "to inveigh against the critic, who can but write according to his lights." "But in this instance," replied his friend, "to judge from his bilious snarling, he has only been writing according to his liver!"—Fun.

ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

(Tom, who has come to grief at College, has been making a clean breast of his pecuniary difficulties.)

Fond Mother: "But, my dear, you have made a very bad return for all your father's unremitting kindness!"

Tom: "That's just where it was. If he had had the kindness to remit a little oftener I should have liked it better."—Fun.

VOLUNTEER INTELLIGENCE.—A member of a crack corps wishing to make as many bull's-eyes as possible in shooting for prizes has adopted the singular practice of drinking nothing but *ex-oculo-gen* water.—Fun.

HORTICULTURAL NOTE.—A friend of ours who is

devoted to his plants tells us that he is convinced that certain flowers of his acquaintance are called "Sinner-arias" because they are such sinners in the matter of bringing greenfly into the conservatory.—Fun.

A PARADOX!

Stodious Lodger: "It's a pity, Mrs. Priggins, you don't understand mathematics, or you'd readily comprehend how impossible it is that this steak which I sent from table last night a rectangular parallelogram, is now an irregular pentagon!"—Punch.

A WORD TO DOMESTICS.—A good servant should always be ready to "answer" the bell or the door, but never a master or mistress.—Punch.

BELOW THE LOWEST DEEP A LOWER DEEP.

THE Duke of Brunswick has lately astonished the audience at the Bouffes by falling through the bottom of his box into a *baaignoire* (luckily empty) beneath.

It has been popularly reported that the Duke is too rich ever to come to the bottom of his strong box; but he evidently can not only get to, but through the bottom of any box less strong than his own.

We had always heard there was no strength in the Duke's public case. It seems now that the weakness extends from his public case to his private box, and that the Duke has accomplished a feat we had thought impossible, of falling still lower than he had done already. On his re-appearance let us hope the hand received him with "Hail, Star of Brunswick!"—said star being invited, it is presumed, to hail, in consideration of its being prevented from reigning.—Punch.

QUITS.

Now we are quits, my dear,
We are equals, I and you,
And I can forget the old days,
If you can forgive the new.

Did I, indeed, love you once?
In truth, when I try to recall,
Not a trace remains, not an echo wakes—
Like you, I forget it all!

As the dawn dispels the darkness,
As the day forgets the night,
So the false dream fades for ever,
In the sunshine of my delight.

Who would have thought it, sweet?
When I swore to untruth to be true,
That I should break every vow I made,
And be as forsworn as you?

And yet, so it is, my dear,
Though love cannot die, we know,
Love cannot die, and never was born,
Immortal, is it not so?

But love is a child, you perceive,
That is only half divine,
Feed him, and he grows great and strong,
But he faints for lack of wine!

To revive at a tender touch,
At the smile of a face that is fair,
To look laughing in eyes of light,
To see himself mirrored there.

But never, believe me, sweet,
Shall I whisper to you my bliss,
Only to listening stars,
On a night as fair as this!

E. D. Cross.

THE Honourable Amelia Murray tells a story in connection with the marriage of the Princess Charlotte which is quite new. It was generally believed at the time that the Princess Charlotte was to be united to the Prince of Orange, and how Prince Leopold became substituted was inexplicable. Here is the explanation:—"The King of Prussia was noble-looking, melancholy, and gentlemanlike; the Prince of Orange not particularly attractive; Prince Leopold of Coburg a handsome young man, not then specially noticed; but very soon it was discovered that Princess Charlotte preferred him to her former lover. Small blame to the young Princess! but I have strong reason to believe that it was through a Russian intrigue that she had been thrown in the way of the handsomest Prince in Germany, and that the Grand-Duchess of Russia came here for the purpose of disgusting the Princess of England with her intended husband. It did not suit Russian views that England and Holland should be so closely connected. The Grand-Duchess Catherine of Oldenburg came to this country, I verily believe, for the purpose of putting a spoke into that wheel. She took an hotel in Piccadilly, she earnestly sought the acquaintance of Miss Elphinstone, who was known to be on intimate terms with the Princess. She gave grand dinners, and took

care to invite the Prince of Orange the night he was to waltz in public with the Princess, as her *fiancé*. The Grand-Duchess plied him well with champagne, and a young man could hardly refuse the invitations of his hostess; he was made tipsy, and of course the Princess was disgusted. Then, in Miss Elphinstone's apartments, the charming Prince Leopold was presented. Was it to be wondered at that a girl of seventeen should prefer him to the former lover? The Prince of Orange was speedily dismissed; and in due time he married the Duchess of Oldenburg's sister. This intrigue accounts for all that happened subsequently. Princess Charlotte consented to go to Cumberland Lodge, and afterwards to Weymouth, attended by the Dowager Countess of Ilchester and Mrs. Campbell, for whom, from her childhood, she had had a great regard, upon this understanding, that if she should be in the same mind at the end of twelve months, she would have the Prince Regent's consent to her marriage with Prince Leopold."

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

COOKED POTATOES A SPECIFIC AGAINST SCURVY.—Dr. Stone, dating from Ovenden House, near Sevenoaks, states that cooked potatoes are as efficacious against scurvy as raw ones; a fact not generally known, but ascertained beyond doubt by Dr. William Baly, late physician to the Millbank Penitentiary, where scurvy at one time was not uncommon. The disease wholly disappeared on the addition of a few pounds of potatoes to the weekly dietary. Next to fresh vegetables, desiccated potatoes are the most certain antiscorbutics, and then onions, tomatoes, turnips, oranges, and lemons. Wine is also decidedly, though not infallibly, antiscorbutic, as are the leaves of the pokeberry plant (*Phytolacca*) and of the *Cactus opuntia*.

DETECTION OF SALICINE IN QUININE.—M. Barrot has indicated a method of detecting the presence of salicine in the sulphate of quinine. In effecting this, he takes advantage of the action of chromic acid on salicine; by his process, a quantity as small as 1 per cent. is discovered. To make the examination, the quinine salt is introduced with a little water into a flask, 2 c.c. of sulphuric acid, diluted with four parts of water, are added; and 4 c.c. of a concentrated solution of bichromate of potash. The flask is fitted a curved tube, which dips into a few grammes of distilled water contained in the little flask serving as receiver. Heat is applied: at the end of three or four minutes hydride of salicylic is produced, which distils. By adding to the water in the flask a few drops of solution of perchloride of iron, a more or less deep violet colour is developed.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE late King Louis of Bavaria is said to have left a fortune of 1,720,000*l.*

THE new head-master at Eton Schools has given notice that the practice of "leaving books" is to be discontinued.

A PENSION of 200*l.* per annum has been granted by the Queen to the widow of Sir David Brewster, in recognition of his eminent services to science.

THE next Congress of the Archaeological Institute will be held at Lancaster, in July, with the Right Hon. Col. Wilson Patten, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, as President.

THE retirement of Lord Chelmsford from office has added to the list of ex-Chancellors, who are now five in number—viz., Lord Brougham, Lord St. Leonards, Lord Cranworth, Lord Westbury, and Lord Chelmsford, each of whom enjoys a pension of 5,000*l.* per annum.

THE Prussian officers accompanying the Abyssinian Expedition have quitted the English army, and, passing over the mountains of Tigré, have proceeded towards Axum, with the object of joining the forces of King Theodore. So much for Prussian friendship!

THE FATHER OF THE HOUSE.—The death of Colonel Lowther, who sat for Westmoreland from 1812 to 1867, an interval of fifty-five years, has left Lord Hotham the father of the House of Commons. He entered the House for Leominster in 1820—thirteen years after Lord Palmerston—and has represented the East Riding since 1841. The noble lord, although in his 74th year, is hale, vigorous, and erect. He served with the Coldstream Guards in the Peninsula, was wounded at Salamanca, fought at Waterloo, and has attained the rank of General. Lord Hotham, who has long taken an active part in the private business of the House, has of late voluntarily assumed the duties heretofore performed by Colonel Wilson-Patten, in the charge of an important branch of quasi-private business.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. GREEN.—A few drops of oil of lavender will answer your purpose. A little salt or white wine will also prove effectual.

W. S. W. R.—Purchase the cheap edition of Webster's Pronouncing Dictionary. You can obtain a copy for about the price you name.

J. WILDE.—There is no specified time in which an executor is bound to prove a will; but if he acts under it, and does not do so, he is liable to a penalty.

A. CONSTANT READER.—Address to the lady either "Highgate" or "Piccadilly," providing you write her name plainly, the letter will reach her through the Post Office.

JACK.—We have no remembrance of the great ship ever having been so employed. It has been stated that did an emergency require it, she could carry some 9,000 or 10,000 troops.

PRIMER.—Geraniums, to grow large, should not be cut down, except to assist the shape when straggling. All flowering shrubs should be cut directly the bloom has faded, if cut at all.

AGUSTA.—Peevishness may be considered the canker of life, destroying its vigour, and checking its improvement. It creeps on with hourly depredations, and taints and vitiates what it cannot consume.

J. L. R. asks our opinion of his handwriting—good, decidedly; but to render it more distinct, form the letters a little rounder, which will prevent their falling so much into one another.

FLORENCE GENTLE.—You may obtain the book in Book-sellers' Row, Strand. If "Gertrude," however, will take our advice, she will avoid the work as worthless, trashy, untrue, and unfit for perusal.

J. WEA.—The highest rank in the navy is Admiral of the Fleet; then Admirals of the Red, White, and Blue; then follow Vice-Admirals and Rear-Admirals. The red flag is the highest, the blue the lowest.

LOREL.—Why not write to the editor of the comic periodical, you mention? Surely the latter gentleman is the most competent to give you information respecting the rules of his own establishment.

H. M. F.—Search anxiously the advertising columns of the daily papers. Such advertisements are inserted continually. Apply personally with good references, and you cannot fail to succeed. Do not waste your money at registry offices.

A. LOVAL ENGLISHMAN.—You should send the bed to those who advertise in the daily papers. To attempt to clean it yourself, you would find more plague than profit, if indeed you did not utterly spoil it from want of the necessary appliances.

HERO.—The largest selection is to be found among the publishers of religious works in Paternoster Row. Their shop windows teem with them; moreover, these works are to be found upon the counters of every bookseller nearly, whether in town or country.

A. M.—Filberts are cultivated principally in Kent, and in order to preserve them well it is only necessary to prevent their losing their moisture by evaporation. This may easily be effected, by putting them into earthen jars in a cellar, covering them with dry sand.

A POOR WIDOW.—Your son having deserted the young woman after the publication of the banns, would be liable to an action for breach of promise of marriage, and from your own statement of the case, the unworthy fellow is deserving of any punishment it is in the power of the law to give him.

JEANIE DOUGLASS.—1. Warts may be removed by frequently applying a small drop of acetic acid to the surface; care must be taken, however, to prevent its touching the skin, as it will occasion pain and inflammation. 2. With fewer flourishes, handwriting would be good.

OSWALD C.—To cleanse the teeth, and keep the gums healthy, take 1 oz. of finely powdered myrrh, 2 spoonfuls of the best white honey, and a little powdered green sage; mix these ingredients well together, and wet the teeth and gums with it every night and morning.

SILVER SHOT.—1. Wilmington clay is excellent for removing grease from almost any material; it may be obtained from all druggists, in the form of small round balls; scrape down a sufficient quantity, and rub well in, letting it rest an hour or two, then brush off, and repeat the process several times. 2. We should not advise washing in hot water.

GEORGE.—It is not known at what period skating was introduced into England, but there are indications of it in the 13th century, for Fitz-Stephen, in his history of London, says that it was then customary, when the ice was sufficiently strong, to fasten the leg bones of animals under the soles of the feet, by tying them round the ankles, and then

taking a pole, shod with iron, into their hands, they pushed themselves forward by striking it against the ice, and moving with a celerity equal to that of a bird flying through the air. The use of the modern skate is supposed to have been brought from Holland, and for many years skating has been exercised with much elegance both in England and Scotland. Our first attempts were made during the great frost in 1813-14, which lasted eleven weeks, during which time there was a fair on the Thames. One of the finest and most beautiful skaters of the time was Robert Ferguson, who, becoming reduced in circumstances, became a teacher of his favourite art, and near the water works of old London Bridge he pitched a tent during the frost, inviting all who could afford a "crown" to become his pupils in the art of "Land Flying" as he termed it. His first maxim was, "Throw fear to the dogs," the next, "Put on your skates securely," and the third, "Keep your balance."

A. YOUNG BUILDER.—According to your own admission, your employer has performed his part of the contract; if, therefore, you have failed to do likewise, and have not completed the work in a good, sound, and workmanlike manner—in fact, not to the satisfaction of a surveyor—your employer has a legal remedy.

RUTH.—To wash Swiss muslin, lawn, brown or gray linen, take 2 quarts of wheat bran, boil it in soft water for half an hour, strain, and then pour it into the soft water in which the material is to be washed without soap; rinse once; use as starch. Articles done in this way will look like new ones.

A. R.—1. The money having been willed to the wife for her sole use, independently of her present or any future husband, the latter certainly cannot have any claim to it. 2. You cannot sell without your wife's consent; it shows iniquity upon your part to desire so to do. 3. Your wife can legally compel you to produce the deed.

FRANK GARDNER.—1. We know of no cure but a careful and well-regulated diet, temperance in drinking, exercise in the open air, and a cheerful mind. 2. You will find a Table of Kindred and Affinity, wherein whoever are related are forbidden in Scripture and our laws to marry together, in the Book of Common Prayer, just preceding the Psalms of David.

THE GOOD MOTHER.

Well may you your mother cherish,

For within her is enshrined,

As if by the hands of angels,

Generous heart and noble mind:

Heart that keeps her friendship precious,

Mind that sees things as they are;

Both, for family and acquaintance,

Making her a guiding star.

So, we wonder not that, also,

Here is lovely taste and grace;

That a dignity is ever

Royal-like within her face:

And that you, her sons, adore her,

For you feel, in home or mart,

That you are the hope and glory

Of the mother's yearning heart.

Nor, with such a perfect mother,

Wonder we that always you

Follow in the path of Honour.

And are manly, brave, and true.

W. R. W.

X. Y. Z.—1. Messrs. Sampson, Low, and Son, Ludgate Hill, have published the best work on charities. 2. The "Blind Man's Friend," for the relief of the blind by annuities, paid quarterly, in at 34, Savile Row, W. Apply to the secretary, J. Simpson, Esq., for a list of the trustees, whom you must petition, to receive the benefits of the charity.

CLARA.—It is the first duty of parents to instil into the minds of their children the necessity and the dignity of labour. To be useful in any sphere of life should be the ambition of youth; every incident of life contributes to form the temper, character, and understanding, and the mass thus formed modifies every action; all in man is association and habit.

JOHN.—A moderate temperature is more conducive to old age than great heat. The latter accelerates the natural changes of organized beings, and brings them sooner to death. Pure, dry, and cold air, moderate exercise of all the bodily and mental faculties, a good physical education in general, and quietude of the mind, are all favourable to longevity.

Q.—Take three pennyworth of nitrate of silver, and dilute it in about 3 tablespoonfuls of water. Wash your hair with this by means of a clean brush, taking care not to touch the skin; when dry, proceed in the same way with ammonia, which will fix the nitrate of silver, thus dyeing the hair black; it must, however, be first freed from oil or grease of any description.

HUMILITY AND PATIENCE.—Appropriate names for such aspirants; we have, however, so frequently of late given our advice to those of our fair correspondents who are desirous to obtain (at the expense of material comfort and well doing) historic fame, that we now refer "Humility and Patience" to our answer to "Mazeppa," in our last number; also that given to "L. A. S.," in Number 254.

PRIGOT.—To make stair carpets last, strips of paper should be placed over the edges of the stairs, under the carpet; this will diminish the friction between the carpet and the boards underneath; the strips should be in length within an inch or two of the width of the carpet, and four or five inches in breadth. This simple expedient will preserve the carpet half as long again as it would last without the strips.

ALONE IN THE WORLD.—Write to the Secretary, British Museum, Great Russell Street, W.C. At the same time enclose recommendatory letters from your three medical friends. You will at all events get a reply, and probably be told to what particular head of a department to make farther application. In our opinion your better plan would be to apply to the Secretary of the College of Surgeons, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

OSCAR.—Nineveh was 14 miles long, 8 wide and 46 round, with a wall 100 feet high, and thick enough for three chariots to be abreast; Babylon was 50 miles within the walls, which were 75 feet thick, and 100 high, with 100 brazen gates; the Temple of Diana, at Ephesus, was 420 feet to the top of the roof, and it was 100 years in building; the largest of the pyramids was 481 feet in height, the base covering 11

acres, the stones are about 60 feet in length, it employed 350,000 men in building; the labyrinth in Egypt contains 300 chambers, and 12 halls; Thebes, in Egypt, presents ruins 27 miles round, with 100 gates; Carthage was 29 miles round, Athens 25, and contained 350,000 citizens, and 400,000 slaves; the temple of Delphos was so rich in donations that it was plundered of 10,000,000, and Nero carried away from it 200 statues; the walls of Rome were 15 miles round.

LONDON READER.—1. Young, healthy, and industrious mechanics, we should by all means advise to choose either Australia, New Zealand, or Queensland rather than America. 2. Apply to Captain McLean, Government Emigration Office, Park Street, Westminster, who will give you all particulars. The Government will help you, providing you comply with the necessary conditions. 3. Flax-dressers, yes.

CONSTANT READER.—Very good ginger beer may be made thus: Take 5 lb. of loaf sugar, 4 of a pint of lemon juice, 4 of a lb. of honey, 5 oz. of bruised ginger, to 41 gallons of water; boil the ginger in 3 quarts of the water for half an hour, then add the other ingredients with the remainder of the water, and strain through a cloth; when cold, add a quarter of the white of an egg, and a small teaspoonful of essence of lemon; let the whole stand four days, then bottle.

SARAH ANNIE.—1. Having been for twelve months in the habit of taking daily walks with your admirer, the latter must be strangely wanting in decision of character and sincerity, if he have not declared his intention. At the same time, take our advice, be on your guard, as it is just possible that his affections may be in the direction of your little fortune of 300l. 2. For eruptions on the face, bathe it twice or thrice a day with a little camphor spirit, or diluted castor oil.

CHARLES.—Dhoondia Waugh was a Mahratta freebooter, who, having been released from a dungeon in Seringapatam, after the fall of that place in 1799, assembled a body of marauders, and plundered the adjoining provinces, calling himself the "King of the World." The Duke of Wellington, then Colonel Wellesley, of the 33rd, having been appointed to suppress Dhoondia's depredations, effected that object with great skill, pursuing him over a difficult country, coming up with him at Conahgull, defeating his body of horse, 5,000 strong, with four regiments of cavalry.

A. REVUE.—Narcotics are medicines which in small or moderate doses produce temporary excitement; this is generally followed by sleep; most narcotics have a stimulating power, which is manifested principally when they are given in small doses, as a full one generally produces the narcotic effect at once, without any apparent stimulation preceding it; considerable skill and experience are required in the administration of narcotics, both as regards the cases in which they are to be prescribed, and the persons to whom they are to be given; their continued or frequent use is injurious to the nutrition of the body. To this class of medicines belong opium, hemlock, hellebore, belladonna, aconite, stramonium, camphor, digitalis, tobacco, alcohol, ether, nuxvomica, and a variety of others.

EDITH M.A. seventeen, 5 ft. rather dark, and pretty. Respondent must be about twenty-five, dark, and tall.

ELLEN. a widow, forty-five, genteel, respectfully connected, and has a small income; an elderly gentleman preferred.

WALTER and JAMES. "Walter," twenty-two, 5 ft. 6 in., light hair, and blue eyes. "James," 5 ft. 5 in., dark hair and eyes; both good tempered and fond of music. Respondents must be under twenty-one.

FANNY H. and EMMA H. "Fanny," twenty-one, tall, dark brown hair and eyes, handsome, and has a good income; a tradesman preferred. "Emma," eighteen, fair, blue eyes, light hair, and will have 700l. when married; a tall, dark gentleman preferred.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED:

W. B. is responded to by—"Eliza," eighteen, fair, blue eyes, and light hair.

WILLIAM by—"Lila," twenty, 5 ft., fair, lively, thoroughly domesticated—"Lonely Milly," nineteen, medium height, fair, blue eyes, domesticated, and respectable; and—"The Maid of the Forest," 5 ft. 5 in., fair, good looking, thoroughly domesticated, fond of home, and the daughter of a respectable tradesman.

HARRY by—"Jenny Jones," medium height, dark hair and eyes, clear complexion, and would make a good wife—"Tom," eighteen, 5 ft. 2 in., rather dark, good looking, and thoroughly domesticated—"M. H. J.," nineteen, 5 ft. 2 in., dark brown hair, gray eyes, respectable, and domesticated; and—"Minnie L.," nineteen, medium height, dark hair and eyes, good looking, lively, domesticated, and will have 50l. per annum when of age.

W. B. by—"Mischel-Loving Polly," sixteen, below the medium height, kind hearted, good tempered, affectionate, a Roman Catholic, and well educated. (Handwriting and composition require practice and study; at present they evince carelessness.)

ISOLINDA by—"J. P. Newton," twenty-eight, 5 ft. 8 in., dark hair, fresh complexion, and a sergeant-major in the Royal Artillery.

LIZZIE by—"George Melville," fair, medium height, gentlemanly, and in comfortable circumstances.

ANNIE by—"H. R. L.," seventeen, brown hair, blue eyes, fair, merry, and fond of music.

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